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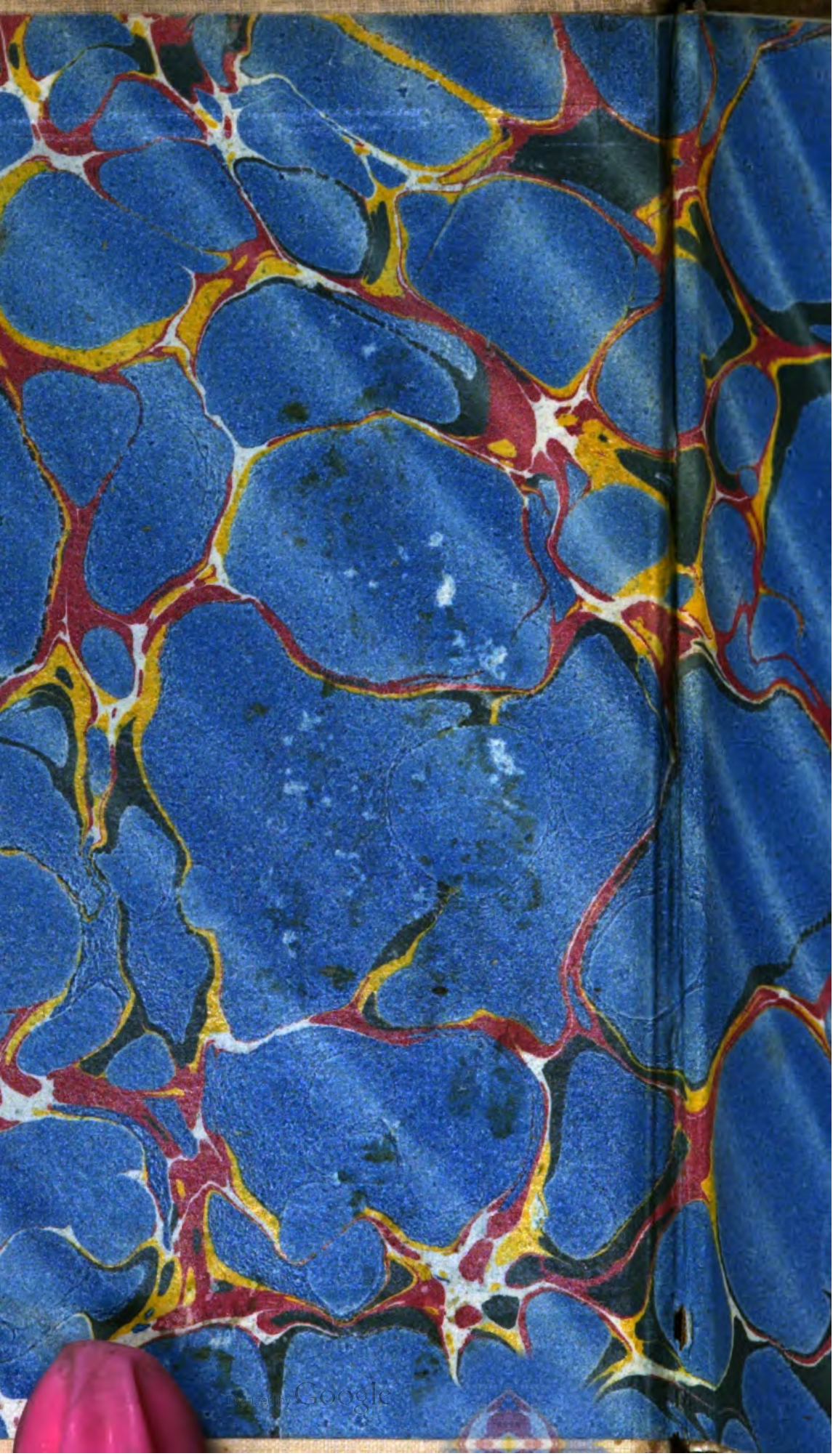
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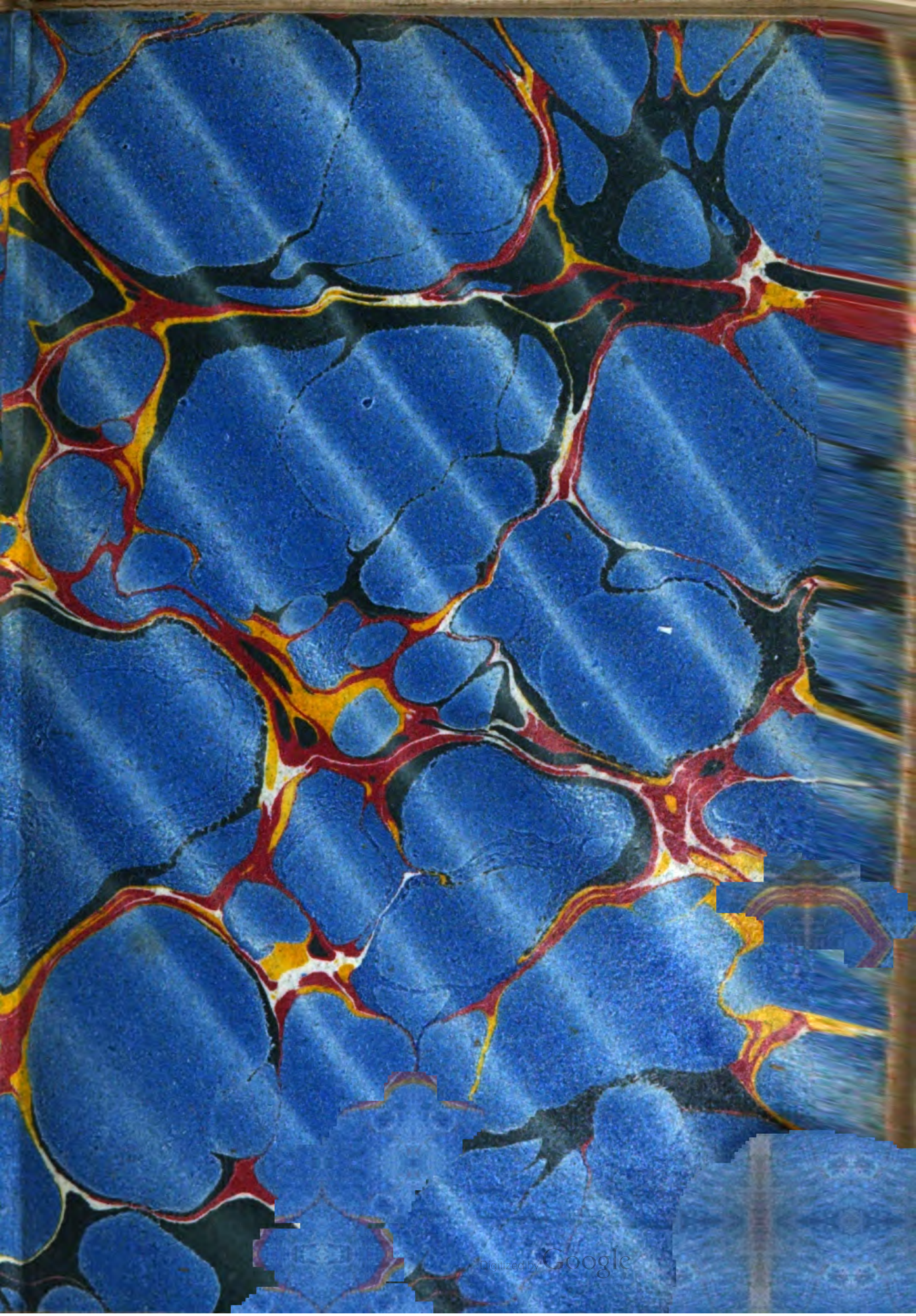
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A SELECTION

OF

Psalms and Hymns,

FROM THE

COMPANION

TO THE

BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

FOR THE USE OF THE

ABBEY CHURCH OF GREAT MALVERN.

Assembled men, to the deep organ join
The long resounding voice oft breaking clear,
At solemn pauses through the swelling base;
And, as each mingling flame increases each,
In one united ardour rise to heaven!

Thomson.

London:

SMITH, ELDER, AND CO., CORNHILL;

M SOUTHALL, GREAT MALVERN; AND W. CLOSE,
BROAD STREET, WORCESTER.

1832.

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LONDON:
Printed by Maurice and Co., Fenchurch Street.



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TO

THE REV. HENRY CARD, D.D.,

F.R.S., F.A.S., M.R.I.,

VICAR OF GREAT MALVERN;

THE FOLLOWING ATTEMPT

TO FORM

A Selection of Hymns and Psalms,

APPROPRIATE

TO THE ESTABLISHED SERVICES OF THE CHURCH OF ENGLAND,

IS MOST HUMBLY INSCRIBED AND DEDICATED,

WITH FEELINGS OF

SINCERE AND JUST RESPECT FOR HIS WORTH

AND ABILITIES,

AND WITH UNFEIGNED ADMIRATION

OF THAT UNWEARIED ZEAL AND PERSEVERANCE

BY WHICH HE HAS AT LAST

SUCCEEDED IN RESTORING THE INTERIOR

OF ONE OF THE

MOST BEAUTIFUL ABBEY CHURCHES

IN THIS KINGDOM.

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PREFACE.

THE sacred compositions which are here respectfully offered have been many years compiling, and have been selected with great care from the writings of some of the brightest ornaments of literature: the arrangement is made to accord with the order of the Rubrick in the book of Common Prayer. The design arose from the Editor's noticing that parish clerks frequently gave out Psalms and Hymns unsuitable to the service of the day; and that, with care and attention, a work might be compiled from the beautiful compositions of Bishops Mant and Heber, from Dodderidge, Watts, Collyer, Keble, Montgomery, and many other distinguished poets, who had written on the Collects, Epistles, and Gospels.

Under this idea, the COMPANION TO THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER has been compiled; and four Hymns, with two Psalms

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(for each Sunday in the year,) with Hymns on particular Occasions, have been arranged. The following Selections from the COMPANION are made by the desire of different Clergymen for the use of their Churches. Nevertheless, the Editor is apprehensive there is great deficiency in this little work, yet she trusts it will not be hastily condemned, but that the primary intention will be considered. If it may be conducive through the divine blessing, even by so mean an instrument, to warm the heart or assist the devotion of the sincere Christian in the closet, in the family, or in the house of God, she will rejoice, whatever censure the work may incur from others.

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SELECTIONS OF
Hymns and Psalms,

TAKEN FROM THE COMPANION TO THE BOOK OF COMMON PRAYER.

Morning.

L. M.

In sleep's serene oblivion laid,
I safely passed the silent night:
Again I see the breaking shade,
I drink again the morning light.

New-born I bless the waking hour;
Once more, with awe, rejoice to be;
My conscious soul resumes her power,
And springs, my guardian God! to thee.

O, guide me through the various maze,
My doubtful feet are doom'd to tread;
And spread thy shield's protecting blaze,
Where dangers press around my head.

A deeper shade shall soon impend,
A deeper sleep my eyes oppress;
Yet then thy strength shall still defend,
Thy goodness still delight to bless.

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That deeper shade shall break away,
  That deeper shade shall leave my eyes;
Thy light shall give eternal day,
  Thy love the rapture of the skies!

Evening.

8's—7's.

Saviour! breathe an evening blessing,
  Ere repose our spirits seal;
Sin and want we come confessing—
  Thou canst save, and thou canst heal.
Though destruction walk around us,
  Though the arrow past us fly,
Angel-guards from thee surround us;
  We are safe if thou art nigh.

Though the night be dark and dreary,
  Darkness cannot hide from thee;
Thou art he, who never weary,
  Watchest where thy people be;
And should death this night o'ertake us,
  And our couch become our tomb;
May the morn in heaven awake us,
  Clad in light, and deathless bloom!

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For the Sabbath.

L. M.

GREAT God! this sacred day of thine
Demands our soul's collected pow'rs:
May we employ, in work divine,
These solemn, these devoted hours.

Omniscient God! thy piercing eye
Can every secret thought explore:—
O, may we on thy help rely,
Then up to thee our thoughts shall soar.

The word of life dispens'd to-day
Invites us to a heavenly feast:
May ev'ry ear the call obey,
Be ev'ry heart an humble guest.

Thy Spirit's powerful aid impart:—
O, may thy word with life divine
Engage the ear, and warm the heart;
Then shall the day indeed be thine.

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ON THE CONFESSION.

C. M.

Lord! when we bend before thy throne,
And our confessions pour,
Teach us to feel the sins we own,
And shun what we deplore.

Our contrite spirits, pitying see,
And penitence impart;
And let a healing ray from thee
Beam hope upon the heart!

When our responsive tongues essay
Their grateful songs to raise;
Grant that our souls may join the lay,
And rise to thee in praise.

When we disclose our wants in prayer,
May we our wills resign;
And not a thought our bosom share,
Which is not wholly thine.

Let faith each meek petition fill,
And waft it to the skies:
And teach our hearts, 'tis goodness, still,
That grants it, or denies.

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Evening Service.

FOR THE KING'S MAJESTY AND THE ROYAL FAMILY.

L. M.

ETERNAL God, whose boundless sway
Angels and starry worlds obey,
Command thy choicest blessings down,
Where thine own will has plac'd the crown.

May goodness, justice, mercy, ride
In arms of triumph at his side,
A thousand gems of lustre shed
Their splendours round th' anointed head.

Long may our favour'd monarch stand,
The pride, the guardian of our land;
Support the rod of majesty,
And vice before his presence flee.

Come, light divine, and grace unknown,
Come aid the labours of the throne!
Let Britain's golden ages run,
In circles lasting as the sun!

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FOR THE CLERGY AND PEOPLE.

L. M.

WHERE shall we go to seek and find
A habitation for our God;
A dwelling for the eternal mind,
Amongst the sons of flesh and blood?

The God of Jacob chose the hill
Of Zion for his ancient rest;
And Zion is his dwelling still,
His church is with his presence blest.

Here will I fix my gracious throne,
And reign for ever, saith the Lord;
Here shall my power and love be known,
And blessings shall attend my word.

Here will I meet my hungry poor,
And fill their souls with living bread;
Sinners that wait within my door,
With sweet provisions shall be fed.

Girded with truth, and cloth'd with grace,
My priests, my ministers shall shine;
Not Aaron, in his costly dress,
Made an appearance so divine!

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ON THE PRAYER OF ST. CHRYSOSTOM.

L. M.

WHERE two or three, with sweet accord,
Obedient to their Sovereign Lord,
Meet to recount his acts of grace,
And offer solemn prayer and praise:

"There," says the Saviour, "will I be
"Amidst the little company;
"To them unveil my smiling face,
"And shed my glories round the place."

We meet at thy command, O Lord,
Relying on thy faithful word:
Now send thy Spirit from above,
And fill our hearts with heavenly love.

2 Cor. xiii. 14. P. M.

MAY the grace of Christ our Saviour,
And the Father's boundless love,
With the Holy Spirit's favour,
Rest upon us from above!

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Prayers.

FOR THE CHURCH AND NATION, ON A DAY OF FAST AND HUMILIATION.

L. M.

O Lord, thy judgments awe the land,
  Thy people's eyes are fix'd on Thee;
We own thy just uplifted hand,
  Which thousands cannot, will not see.

Here peace and liberty have dwelt,
  The glorious Gospel brightly shone;
And oft our enemies have felt,
  That God has made our cause his own.

But, ah! both heaven and earth have heard,
  Our vile returns for all his love;
We, whom as children he has rear'd,
  Rebels against his goodness prove.

The Lord, displeased, has rais'd his rod:
  Ah, where are now the faithful few,
Who tremble for the ark of God,
  And know what Israel ought to do.

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Lord, hear thy people every where,
Who meet to mourn, confess, and pray;
The nation and thy churches spare,
And let thy wrath be turn'd away.

IN THE TIME OF WAR AND TUMULT.

L. M.

GREAT God of Hosts! attend our prayer,
And make the British Isles thy care;
To thee we raise our suppliant cries,
When storms of dangers round us rise.

When thoughtless sinners vent their rage,
We thy protection would engage;
O raise thy saving arm on high,
And bring renew'd deliverance nigh!

May Britain, as one man, be led
To make the Lord her fear and dread;
Our souls no other fear should know,
Tho' earth be leagued with hell below.

Emmanuel's land shall safe remain,
Blest with the Saviour's gentle reign;
Till every hostile rumour cease,
In the fair realms of perfect peace.

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IN THE TIME OF ANY COMMON PLAGUE, SICKNESS, OR ANY OTHER CALAMITY.

L. M.

LORD, when thy Israel we survey,
We in their crimes discern our own;
And if thou turn our prayer away,
Our misery must, like theirs, be known.

To us thy servants have been sent
With words of terror and of love;
But not the vengeance, or the grace,
Ten thousand stubborn hearts will move.

Our eyes are blind, and deaf our ears;
Our hearts are harden'd into stone,
As we would bar thy mercies out,
And leave a way for wrath alone.

Justly our God might give us up
To plague, and famine, and the sword;
Till towns and cities, rich and fair,
Lay desolate without a Lord.

How shall we come before thy face,
And in thine awful presence bow?
What offers can secure thy grace,
Or calm the terror of thy brow?

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But thy dear Son, all-gracious God,
Whom impious sinners dar'd to slay,
Hath sov'reign virtue in his blood,
To purge the nation's guilt away.

With humble faith to that we fly;
With that be Britain sprinkled o'er:
Then we no more in dust shall lie,
And dread thy hand and wrath no more.

FOR THE HIGH COURT OF PARLIAMENT.

C. M.

GREAT God! who dost all nations rule,
And their affairs controul;
Whose power is known through all the earth,
Thy love, from pole to pole;

Our native land in pity view;
On sinners, Lord, look down;
Thy mercy's great, and ever new,
In Christ thine only Son.

Let blessings fall in copious show'rs
Upon our Sovereign's head;
Our rulers guide, O let them be
In paths of wisdom led.

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With plenteous grace their hearts prepare,
To execute thy will,
With truth and justice, love and care,
And faithfulness and skill.

O, let thine honour on them rest,
Authorities from thee,
And while they are thus own'd and bless'd,
May thine the glory be.

Thanksgivings.

FROM THE GENERAL THANKSGIVING.

C. M.

FATHER of Mercies! let our thanks
With thee acceptance find;
Thy loving kindness we confess,
To us and all mankind.

Thanks for creation we present,
And for preserving care,
With all the blessings thou, O God!
Hast caused us to share.

Thanks for redemption, above all,
To us in Jesus given;
Thanks for the means of grace on earth,
And for the hope of heaven.

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O, let a sense of this thy grace
  Our best obedience move,
And while our lips thy praise proclaim,
  Our hearts may feel thy love.

Lord! may we give our souls to thee,
  And walk in all thy ways;
In righteousness, and holiness,
  And serve thee all our days.

Honour to the Almighty Three,
  And everlasting One!
All glory to the Father be,
  The Spirit, and the Son!

FOR THE SEASONS OF THE YEAR.

C. M.

With songs and honours sounding loud,
  Address the Lord on high;
Over the heavens he spreads his cloud,
  And waters veil the sky.

He sends his showers of blessings down
  To cheer the plains below;
He makes the grass, the mountain's crown,
  And corn in valleys grow.

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His steady counsels change the face
  Of the declining year;
He bids the sun cut short his race,
  And wintry days appear.

His hoary frost, his fleecy snow,
  Descend and clothe the ground;
The liquid streams forbear to flow,
  In icy fetters bound.

He sends his word, and melts the snow;
  The fields no longer mourn:
He calls the warmer gales to blow,
  And bids the Spring return.

The changing wind, the flying cloud,
  Obey his mighty word:
With songs and honours sounding loud,
  Praise ye the Sovereign Lord!

FOR PLENTY.

C. M.

Shine, mighty God! on Britain shine,
  With beams of heavenly grace;
Reveal thy power thro' all our coasts,
  And shew thy smiling face.

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Oh! that thy name, from shore to shore,
Might sound, the world abroad;
And all the nations know and love
Their Saviour and their God!

Sing to the Lord, ye distant lands,
Sing loud with solemn voice;
While all our tongues exalt his praise,
And all our hearts rejoice!

Earth shall obey her Maker's will,
And yield a large increase,
Our God will crown his chosen isle
With fruitfulness and peace.

God the Redeemer scatters round
His choicest favours here;
While the creation's utmost bound
Shall see, adore, and fear.

FOR PEACE AND DELIVERANCE FROM OUR ENEMIES.

L. M.

Nature, with all her powers, shall sing
God the Creator and the King:
Nor air, nor earth, nor skies, nor seas,
Deny the tribute of their praise.

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This favor'd isle, our native land,
Lies safe in God the Almighty's hand;
Our foes of victory dream in vain,
Nor shall we wear the captive's chain.

He builds, he guards the British throne,
And makes it precious, like his own;
Makes our successive princes kind,
And gives our dangers to the wind.

Thus let our ardent zeal employ
Our loftiest thoughts and loudest songs;
Britain! pronounce with warmest joy,
Hosanna! from ten thousand tongues!

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ON THE

COLLECTS, EPISTLES, AND GOSPELS.

Advent Sunday.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

COME, saints, and shout the Saviour's praise,
To him your grateful tribute bring;
Let angels hear the notes you raise,
And strike their golden harps, and sing.

Sing how he left the heavenly throne,
And laid his splendid robes aside,
Put all our mortal weakness on,
And groan'd and labour'd, wept and died.

Now lift your songs to nobler strains,
High let your ardent passions soar;
See, where the great Redeemer reigns,
And all the host of heaven adore.

Again he comes!—a mighty cloud
Bears him in sacred triumph down;
The trumpet sounds, it summons loud,
And angels shout his high renown.

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From realms of death, beneath the ground,
The saints, in countless millions, rise;
While seraphs stand admiring round,
And view the change with vast surprise.

EPISTLE.

P. M.

KNOW, sinner, mercy's precious day,
While falls on thee hope's cheering ray,
Ere yet thou die!
Thy wisdom this, the moment seize;
To things above, thy spirit raise,
Nor grov'ling lie.

Awake, dull soul! awake! How long
Amidst earth's low and slumb'ring throng
Wilt thou be found?
Shake off the bonds of dust; arise
To nobler views and brighter skies,
And leave the ground.

Salvation near! the Lord at hand!
No longer lingering, idle, stand;
Haste to thy God.

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The day appears—the joyful day,
When Christ his glory shall display,
The sinner's friend.

Come, Saviour, come, our hearts prepare,
Caught up to meet thee, in the air,
Transporting sight!
The darkness past, and night no more,
Thee in thy temple we adore,
And dwell in light.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

Hosanna to the living Lord!
Hosanna to the incarnate word!
To Christ, Creator, Saviour, King,
Let earth, let heaven, Hosanna sing.

Hosanna, Lord! thine angels cry;
Hosanna, Lord! our lips reply:
Above, beneath us, and around,
The dead, the living swell the sound!

O, Saviour! with protecting care,
Return to this thy house of prayer;
Assembled in thy sacred name,
Where we thy parting promise claim.

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But chiefly in our wearied breast,
Eternal! bid thy spirit rest;
And make our secret souls to be,
A temple pure, O Lord, for thee!

That in the last and dreadful day,
When earth and heaven shall melt away,
Thy flock redeem'd from sinful stain,
May swell the sound of praise again—
Hosanna! Lord! Hosanna in the highest!

BP. HEBER.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

8's—8's—6's.

When thou, my righteous Judge, shalt come
To take thy ransom'd people home,
Shall I among them stand?
Shall such a worthless worm as I,
Who oft times am afraid to die,
Be found at thy right hand?

I love to meet thy people now,
Before thy gracious feet to bow,
Tho' vilest of them all:

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But can I bear the piercing thought?
What if my name should be left out,
When thou for them shall call!

Prevent, prevent it by thy grace;
Be thou, dear Lord, my hiding place,
In this th' accepted day:
Thy pard'ning voice, O, let me hear,
To still my unbelieving fear,
Nor let me fall, I pray.

Let me among thy saints be found,
When the archangel's trump shall sound,
And see thy smiling face:
Then, loudest of the crowd I'll sing,
While heaven's resounding mansions ring,
With shouts of sov'reign grace.

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Second Sunday in Advent.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

How precious is thy word divine,
By inspiration given!
Bright as the sun its doctrines shine,
To guide our souls to heaven.

Its light, descending from above,
Our gloomy world to cheer,
Displays a Saviour's boundless love,
And brings his glories near.

It shews to man his wand'ring way,
And where his feet have trod;
And brings to view the matchless grace
Of a forgiving God.

When once it penetrates the mind,
It conquers every sin;
Th' enlighten'd soul begins to find
The peace of Christ within.

It sweetly cheers our drooping hearts,
In this dark vale of tears;
Life, light, and joy, it still imparts,
And quells our rising fears.

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EPISTLE.

C. M.

GIVE thanks to God, invoke his name,
And tell the world his grace;
Sound thro' the earth his deeds of fame,
That all may seek his face.

His covenant, which he kept in mind
For numerous ages past;
To numerous ages yet behind,
In equal force shall last.

He swore to Abraham and his seed,
And made the blessing sure;
Gentiles the ancient promise read,
And find his truth endure.

Thy seed shall make all nations blest,
(Said the Almighty voice;)
And Canaan's land shall be their rest,
The type of heavenly joys.

O, wondrous word! O, blessed type
Of ever flowing grace!
So Christ, our strength, maintains our life,
Thro' all this wilderness.

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GOSPEL.

7's.

In the sun, and moon, and stars,
Signs and wonders there shall be;
Earth shall quake with inward wars,
Nations with perplexity.

Soon shall ocean's hoary deep,
Toss'd with stronger tempests, rise;
Wilder storms the mountains sweep,
Louder thunder rock the skies.

Dread alarms shall shake the proud,—
Pale amazement, restless fear;
And amid the thunder-cloud,
Shall the Judge of men appear!

But, though from his awful face
Heaven shall fade, and earth shall fly;
Fear not ye, his chosen race,
Your redemption draweth nigh.

BP. HEBER.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

FATHER of mercies, in thy word
What endless glory shines;
For ever be thy name ador'd,
For these celestial lines!

Here, the Redeemer's welcome voice
Spreads heavenly peace around;
And life, and everlasting joys,
Attend the blissful sound.

O, may these heavenly pages be
My ever dear delight;
And still new beauties may I see,
And still increasing light.

Divine Instructor! Gracious Lord!
Be thou for ever near;
Teach me to love thy sacred word,
And view my Saviour there.

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Third Sunday in Advent.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

O, SPIRIT of the living God!
In all thy plenitude of grace,
Where'er the foot of man hath trod,
Descend on our apostate race.

Give tongues of fire, and hearts of love,
To preach the reconciling word;
Give, power, and unction from above,
Whene'er the joyful sound is heard.

Be darkness, at thy coming, light;
Confusion, order in thy path;
Souls without strength, inspire with might,
Bid mercy triumph over wrath.

O, Spirit of the Lord! prepare
All on the earth their God to meet;
Breathe thou abroad, like morning air,
Till hearts of stone begin to beat.

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Baptize the nations; far, and nigh,
The triumphs of the cross record;
The name of Jesus glorify,
Till every kindred call him Lord!

MONTGOMERY.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

FATHER of mercies! bow thine ear,
Attentive to our earnest prayer;
We pray for those that plead for thee,
Successful may they ever be.

O, let the word they preach be thine,
And cloth'd with energy divine;
To them thy sacred truth reveal,
Suppress their fears, inflame their zeal.

Teach them to sow the precious seed,
Teach them, thy chosen flock to feed;
Teach them, immortal souls to gain,
As a reward for all their pain.

Let thronging multitudes around,
Hear from their lips the joyful sound;
In humble strains thy grace implore,
And feel thy new creating power.

Digitized by Google

Let sinners break their massy chains,
And wearied souls forget their pains;
Let light through distant realms be spread,
And Zion rear her drooping head.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

When first the Saviour's spreading fame,
John's expectation fired;
His messenger enquiring came,—
Art thou the Christ desired?

Go, tell your master (Christ replies,)
What you have heard and seen;
The lame man walks, the dead arise,
The lepers now are clean:

Tell him, the blind their sight receive,
The deaf my wonders hear;
My heavenly word, the poor believe,
With heart and mind sincere.

Tell him, whoever shall not be
Offended at my word,
I'll greatly bless, and he shall see
The glory of the Lord!

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

THE Saviour, when to heaven he rose,
In splendid triumph, o'er his foes;
Scatter'd his gifts on man below,
And wide his royal bounties flow.

Hence, sprung th' apostles' honoured name,
Sacred, beyond heroic fame;
Hence, dictates the prophetic sage,
And hence, the evangelic page.

In lowlier forms, to bless our eyes,
Pastors, from hence, and teachers rise;
Who, tho' with feeble rays they shine,
Still gild a long extended line:

From Christ their varied gifts derive,
And feel by Christ their graces live;
While, guided by his potent hand,
Midst all the rage of hell they stand.

So shall the bright succession run
Through the last courses of the sun;
While unborn churches by their care
Shall raise and flourish—large and fair.

Digitized by Google

Jesus, our Lord, their hearts shall know,
The spring whence all their blessings flow;
Pastors and people shout his praise
Thro' the long round of endless days.

Fourth Sunday in Advent.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L.M.

AWAKE, our souls, away our fears,
Let ev'ry trembling thought be gone;
Awake and run the heav'nly race,
And put a cheerful courage on,

True, 'tis a straight and thorny road,
And mortal spirits tire and faint;
But they forget the mighty God,
That feeds the strength of every saint:

Thee, Mighty God! whose matchless power
Is ever new, and ever young,
And firm endures, while countless years
Their everlasting circles run.

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From thee, the overflowing spring,
Our souls shall drink a fresh supply ;
While such as trust their native strength
Shall melt away, and droop, and die.

Swift as an eagle cuts the air,
We'll mount aloft to thine abode :
On wings of love our souls shall fly,
Nor tire amidst the heav'nly road.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Rejoice, ye Saints, in every state,
Divine decrees remain unmov'd ;
No turns of providence abate
God's care for those he once has lov'd.

Firmer than heaven his covenant stands.
Though earth should shake and skies depart,
You are safe in your Redeemer's hands,
He bears your name upon his heart.

Our surety knows for whom he stood,
He gave himself a sacrifice ;
The souls, once sprinkled with his blood,
Possess a life that never dies.

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

L. M.

HARK! in the wilderness a cry!
It shakes the mountains, rends the earth;
The King appears—behold him nigh!
The God by nature, man by birth!

Run to and fro, ye heralds, run,
Proclaim aloud, prepare the way,
Redemption's glorious work 's begun,
And who his potent arm shall stay?

Make straight the path before his feet,
And every obstacle remove;
Drop down, ye hills, your cumbrous weight,
And bow before Redeeming love.

Then shall the lowly valley rise,
Its budding honours spring to view;
Swift the creating fiat flies,
And all is blissful, all is new.

Know'st thou the meaning, nature's child?
Know'st thou the import of the cry?
Thy heart's the desert, waste and wild,
But, lo! the kind Redeemer 's nigh.

Digitized by Google

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on:
A heavenly race demands thy zeal,
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey:
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge the way.

'Tis God's all-animating voice,
That calls thee from on high:
'Tis his own hand presents the prize
To thine aspiring eye.

Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And, crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

Digitized by Google

Christmas Day.

MORNING SERVICE.

HARK! what mean those holy voices
  Sweetly sounding through the skies?
Lo! the angelic host rejoices;
  Heavenly hallelujahs rise.

Listen to the wond'rous story,
  Which they chant in hymns of joy,
"Glory in the highest, glory!
  Glory be to God most high!

"Peace on earth, good-will from heaven,
  Reaching far as man is found;
Souls redeem'd and sins forgiven;—
  Loud our golden harps shall sound.

"Christ is born, the Great Anointed;
  Heaven and earth his praises sing!
O, receive whom God appointed,
  For your Prophet, Priest, and King.

"Hasten, mortals, to adore him;
  Learn his name, and taste his joy;
Till in heaven ye sing before him,
  Glory be to God most high!"

Digitized by Google

Let us learn the wondrous story
  Of our Great Redeemer's birth;
Sing the brightness of his glory,
  Till it spreads o'er all the earth.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

C. M.

In heaven the rapturous song began,
  And sweet seraphic fire
Through all the shining legions ran,
  And strung and tuned the lyre.

Swift through the vast expanse it flew,
  And loud the echo roll'd;
The theme, the song, the joy was new,
  'Twas more than Heaven could hold,

Down through the portals of the sky
  Th' impetuous torrent ran;
And angels flew with eager joy
  To bear the news to man.

Hark! the cherubic armies shout,
  And glory leads the song:
Good-will and peace are heard throughout
  Th' harmonious, heavenly throng.

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With joy the chorus we'll repeat
" Glory to God on high !
Good-will and peace are now complete,
Jesus was born to die."

Hail, Prince of life ! for ever hail !
Redeemer, Brother, Friend !
Though earth, and time, and life should fail,
Thy praise shall never end.

CHRISTMAS DAY.

P. M.

Angels ! from the realms of glory,
Wing your flight o'er all the earth ;
Ye who sang creation's story,
Now proclaim Messiah's birth !
Come, and worship,
Worship Christ, the new born King !

Shepherds ! in the fields abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant light ;
Come, and worship,
Worship Christ, the new born King !

Digitized by Google

Sages! leave your contemplations,
Brighter visions beam afar;
Seek the great desire of nations,
Ye have seen his natal star;
Come, and worship,
Worship Christ, the new born King!

Saints! before the altar bending,
Waiting long with hope and fear,
Suddenly, the Lord descending,
In his temple shall appear;
Come, and worship,
Worship Christ, the new born King!

Sinners, bow'd with true repentance,
Doom'd by guilt to endless pain;
Justice now repeals your sentence,
Mercy calls you—break your chain;
Come, and worship,
Worship Christ, the new born King!

MONTGOMERY.

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

L. M.

God, who in various methods told
His mind and will to saints of old;
Sent down his Son with truth and grace,
To teach us in these latter days.

Our nation reads the written word,
That book of life, that sure record;
The bright inheritance of heaven
Is by thy sweet conveyance given.

God's kindest thoughts are here express'd,
Able to make us wise and bless'd;
The doctrines are divinely true,
Fit for reproof, and comfort too.

Ye British Isles, who read his love
In long epistles from above,
(He hath not sent his sacred word
To every land,) Praise ye the Lord!

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

L. M.

Ere the blue heavens were stretch'd abroad,
From everlasting, was "the Word;"
With God he was, the word was God,
And must divinely be adored!

By his own power were all things made;
By him supported, all things stand;
He is the whole creation's head,
And angels fly at his command.

But lo, he leaves those heavenly forms,
The "Word" descends, and dwells in clay;
He comes to ransom dying worms,
Drest in such feeble flesh as they.

Mortals with joy beheld his face,—
Th' eternal Father's only Son;
How full of truth! how full of grace!
When thro' his eyes the Godhead shone!

Bright angels leave their high abode,
To learn new mysteries here, and tell
The love of our descending God,
The glories of Immanuel!

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EVENING SERVICE.

L. M.

When Jordan hushed his waters still,
And silence slept on Zion's hill;
When Bethlehem's shepherds, thro' the night
Watched o'er their flocks, by starry light,—

Hark! from the midnight hills around,
A voice of more than mortal sound,
In distant hallelujahs stole,
Wild murmuring o'er the raptured soul.

Then swift to every startled eye,
New streams of glory light the sky,
Heaven bursts her azure gates, to pour
Her spirits to the midnight hour.

On wheels of light, on wings of flame,
The glorious host of Zion came:
High heaven, with songs of triumph rung,
While thus they struck their harps and sung:

O, Zion! lift thy raptured eye;
The long expected hour is nigh,
The joys of nations rise again,
The Prince of Salem comes to reign.

Digitized by Google

He comes! to cheer the trembling heart—
Bid Satan and his hosts depart:
Again the day-star gilds the gloom!
Again the bowers of Eden bloom!

COLLECT.

S. M.

Behold the grace appears!
The promise is fulfill'd;
Mary, the wondrous virgin, bears,
And Jesus is the child!

To bring the glorious news
A heavenly form appears;
He tells the shepherds of their joys,
And banishes their fears.

Go, humble swains, (said he,)
To David's city fly;
The promised infant, born to-day,
Doth in a manger lie.

With looks and hearts serene,
Go visit Christ, your king;
And straight a flaming troop was seen,—
The shepherds heard them sing,

Digitized by Google

" Glory to God on high!
And heavenly peace on earth;
Goodwill to men, to angels joy,"
At the Redeemer's birth!

Sunday after Christmas Day.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

P. M.

BRIGHTEST and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

Cold on his cradle the dew-drops are shining,
Low lies his bed with the beasts of the stall;
Angels adore him, in slumber reclining,
Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

Say, shall we yield him, in costly devotion,
Odours of Edom, and off'rings divine?

Digitized by Google

Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
Vainly with gifts would his favour secure:
Richer by far is the heart's adoration,
Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
Dawn on our darkness, and lend us thy aid!
Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid!

BP. HEBER.

EPISTLE.

S. M.

Behold, what wondrous grace
The Father has bestow'd
On sinners of a mortal race,—
To call them sons of God!

Digitized by Google

Nor doth it yet appear
How great we must be made;
But when we see our Saviour here,
We shall be like our head.

A hope, so much divine,
May trials well endure;
May cleanse our souls from sense and sin,
As Christ the Lord is pure.

If, in my Father's love,
I share a filial part,
Send down thy spirit, like a dove,
To rest upon my heart.

No longer would we lie,
Like slaves beneath the throne;
Our faith shall Abba Father cry,
And thou the kindred own.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

Jesus, in thy transporting name,
What blissful glories rise!
Jesus, the angel's sweetest theme!
The wonder of the skies!

Digitized by Google

Well may thy saints with wonder view
A love so strange as thine:
No thought of angels ever knew
Compassion so divine.

Didst thou forsake thy radiant crown,
And boundless realms of day,
(Aside thy robes of glory thrown,)
To dwell in feeble clay?

Victorious love! can language tell
The wonders of thy power,
Which conquer'd all the foes of hell
In that tremendous hour?

Is there a heart that will not bend
To thy divine controul?
Descend, O, sovereign Love, descend,
And melt that stubborn soul.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

7's.

Hark! what sounds salute our ears,
Christ, the Lord, at length appears;
"Unto us a child is born,"
Zion is no more forlorn.

Digitized by Google

Come, ye Saints, arise and sing,
Glory to our God, our King!
" Unto us a son is giv'n : "
Angels bring the news from heav'n.

Who are these that come from far,
Led by Jacob's rising star ?
Strangers, who their off'rings bring,
Come to worship Zion's King.

Zion now no more shall sigh ;
God will raise her glory high ;
He will send a large increase,
He will give her people peace.

Circumcision.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

S. M.

Jesus obedience pays
To the Divine command ;
And in the Temple's sacred fane,
See the Redeemer stand.

Digitized by Google

Lord! grant that we may know
The import of the sign;
And, by thy grace, our sinful hearts
To holiness incline.

May we, thy blessed will
In all things, Lord, obey;
Our base affections mortify,
And feel thy gentle sway.

Then, from the earth set free,
Our souls to thee shall rise;
Already, our adoption know,
And follow to the skies.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Thus did the sons of Abrah'm pass
Under the bloody seal of grace;
The young disciples bore the yoke,
Till Christ the painful bondage broke.

By milder ways doth Jesus prove
His Father's covenant, and his love;
He seals to saints his glorious grace,
And not forbids their infant race.

Digitized by Google

Their seed is sprinkled with his blood;
Their children set apart for God;
His spirit on their offspring shed,
Like water pour'd upon the head.

Let every saint, with cheerful voice,
In this large covenant rejoice;
Young children, in their early days,
Shall give the God of Abrah'm praise.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

EMERGING from ensanguin'd clouds,
See the bright morning star arise!
Increasing lustre shines around,
And falls on our enraptur'd eyes.

Full many a lucid star appear'd
In the fair morning of the world,
Shedding o'er Eden's bowers it's light
Ere sin its shadows o'er them hurl'd.

But fairer shines this glorious orb,
Than all that gemm'd the heavens before;
And still its radiance shall increase
When their inferior blaze is o'er.

Digitized by Google

The Lord in pity hears,
And speaks the gracious word;
The leper feels his strength return,
And all his sickness cur'd.

Jesus, to thee I look,
Sick of a worse disease;
Sin is my painful malady,
And none can give me ease.

But thy Almighty grace
Can heal my lep'rous soul:
O, bathe me in thy precious blood,
And that will make me whole.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

S. M.

When earthly comforts die,
And thorns o'erspread the road,
Whither, O whither, shall I fly,
But unto thee, my God!

Digitized by Google

When anxious thoughts arise,
And sorrows compass round,
Amidst ten thousand enemies,
In thee my help is found.

Then at thy feet I'll bow,
And in thy mercy trust;
If I am saved, how good art thou!
And if I perish, just!

Perish! it cannot be,
Since Jesus shed his blood;
The promise is both rich and free,
And he will make it good.

Fourth Sunday after the Epiphany.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

REJOICE, believer, in the Lord,
Who makes your cause his own;
The hope that 's built upon his word
Can ne'er be overthrown.

Digitized by Google

Tho' many foes beset your road,
And feeble is your arm;
Your life is hid with Christ in God,
Beyond the reach of harm.

Weak as you are, you shall not faint,
Or, fainting, shall not die:
Jesus, the strength of every saint,
Will aid you from on high.

Tho' sometimes unperceiv'd by sense,
Faith sees him always near;
A guide, a glory, a defence—
Then what have you to fear?

As surely as he overcame,
And triumph'd once for you;
So surely you, that love his name,
Shall triumph in him too.

EPISTLE.

C. M.

Eternal Sovereign of the sky,
And Lord of all below,
We mortals to thy Majesty
Our first obedience owe.

Digitized by Google

Our souls adore thy throne supreme,
And bless thy providence
For magistrates of meaner name,
Our glory and defence.

The crowns of British princes shine
With rays above the rest,
Where laws and liberties combine
To make the nation blest.

Kingdoms on firm foundations stand,
While virtue finds reward;
And sinners perish from the land,
By justice and the sword.

GOSPEL.

P. M.

"WHO is this that calms the ocean?"
Thus they cried who were on board,
When they saw the wild commotion
Cease as Jesus spoke the word:
When the sudden calm they saw,
Wonder fix'd their minds with awe.

Digitized by Google

He who bids the tempest riot
On the deep, and makes it swell,
He alone the storm can quiet,
Saying to it, "*Peace! be still!*"
He whose pow'r to all gives birth,
All in heav'n, and all on earth.

He who calms the sea when raging,
Stills the tumult of the soul;
By his word the storms assuaging,
Storms too furious for controul;
But he binds them with his hand,
And they cease at his command.

Ye, who all your hope deriving
From yourselves, have labour'd long
To allay the storm by striving,
But have found the storm too strong;
From the hopeless labour cease,
And to Jesus look for peace.

Digitized by Google

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

P. M.

GUIDE me, O thou great Jehovah!
Pilgrim through this barren land:
I am weak, but thou art mighty;
Hold me with thy powerful hand.
Strong Deliverer,
May thou ever by me stand!

Open, Lord, the crystal fountain,
Whence the streams of healing flow;
Let the fiery cloudy pillar
Lead me, all my journey through.
Bread of Heaven,
Feed me while I dwell below!

When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside:
Saviour! part the rolling torrent,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.
With thine Israel
May I joyfully abide!

Digitized by Google

Fifth Sunday after the Epiphany.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

LET everlasting glories crown
Thy head, my Saviour and my Lord;
Thy hands have brought salvation down,
And writ the blessings in thy word.

In vain the trembling conscience seeks
Some solid ground to rest upon;
With long despair the spirit breaks,
Till we apply to Christ alone.

How well thy blessed truths agree!
How wise and holy thy command!
Thy promises, how full, how free!
How firm our hope and comfort stand!

What if we trace the globe around,
And search from Britain to Japan,
There shall be no religion found
So just to God, so safe to man.

Should all the forms that men devise
Assault my faith with treach'rous art,
I'd call them vanity and lies,
And bind the gospel to my heart.

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Come tune, ye saints, your noblest strains,
Your dying, rising Lord, to sing;
And echo to the heavenly plains,
The triumphs of your Saviour King.

In songs of grateful rapture tell
How he subdued your potent foes;
Subdued the powers of death and hell,
And, dying, finished all your woes.

Almighty love!—Victorious power!
Not angel-tongues can e'er display
The wonders of that dreadful hour,
The joys of that illustrious day.

Then well may mortals try in vain,
In vain their feeble voices raise;
Yet Jesus hears their humble strain,
And kindly owns our wish to praise.

Dear Saviour, let thy wond'rous grace
Fill every heart and every tongue,
Till the full glories of thy face
Inspire a sweeter, nobler song.

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

S. M.

THOUGH in the church on earth,
Sinners with saints are found,
As tares oft mingle with the wheat,
And spread o'er all the ground,

Soon shall the Son of man
His mighty angels send,
And from his kingdom separate
All things that do offend.

Into eternal fire
Sinners shall then be cast,
With wailing, and with agony,
That shall for ever last.

O, how will memory then
Augment their weight of woe!
The memory of his slighted grace,
Now—their eternal foe.

The offer of his love
They treated oft with scorn;
The calls of mercy from above,
Each, now, a rankling thorn.

Digitized by Google

Whoso hath ears to hear
While it is call'd—to-day,
Seek ye the Lord while he is near,
Nor venture to delay.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

P. M.

Precious Bible! what a treasure
Does the word of God afford!
All I want for life or pleasure,
Food and med'cine, shield or sword:
Let the world account me poor,
Having this I need no more.

Food to which the world 's a stranger,
Here my hungry soul enjoys;
Of excess there is no danger,
Though it fills, it never cloys:
On a dying Christ I feed,
He is meat and drink indeed.

When my faith is faint and sickly,
Or when Satan wounds my mind,
Cordials to revive me quickly,
Healing med'cines here I find:

Digitized by Google

To the promises I flee,
Each affords a remedy.

In the hour of dark temptation,
Satan cannot make me yield;
For the word of consolation
Is to me a mighty shield:
While the scripture truths are sure
From his malice I'm secure.

Shall I envy, then, the miser
Doating on his golden store?
Sure I am, or should be wiser,
I am rich, 'tis he is poor;
Jesus gives me, in his word,
Food and med'cine, shield and sword.

Sixth Sunday after the Epiphany.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

P. M.

O, THE hour when this material
Shall have vanish'd like a cloud,
When, amid the wide ethereal,
All the invisible shall crowd;

Digitized by Google

And the naked soul, surrounded
With innumerous hosts of light,
Triumph in the view unbounded,
And adore the Infinite ;

In that sudden strange transition,
By what new and finer sense
Shall she grasp the mighty vision,
And receive its influence?
Angels, guard the new immortal
Through the wonder-teeming space,
To the everlasting portal,
To the spirit's resting-place.

Angels, let the ransom'd stranger
In your tender care be blest,
Hoping, trusting, free from danger,
Till the trumpet ends her rest:
Till the trump that shakes creation,
Through the circling heavens shall roll,
Till the day of consummation,
Till the bridal of the soul.

Lo! it comes, that day of wonder,
Louder chorals shake the skies:
Hades' gates are burst asunder,
See the new-cloth'd myriads rise!

Digitized by Google

Thought, repress thy weak endeavour,
  Here must Reason prostrate fall:
O, the ineffable "For Ever,"
  And the "Eternal All in All."

EPISTLE.

C. M.

And can my heart aspire so high
  To say, "My Father, God!"
Lord! at thy feet I fain would lie,
  And learn to kiss the rod.

I would submit to all thy will,
  For thou art good and wise;
Let every anxious thought be still,
  Nor one faint murmur rise.

Thy love can cheer the darksome gloom,
  And bid me wait serene,
Till hopes and joys immortal bloom,
  And brighten all the scene.

"My Father," O, permit my heart
  To plead her humble claim;
And ask the bliss those sounds impart,
  In my Redeemer's name.

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GOSPEL.

L. M.

My waken'd soul, extend thy wings,
Beyond the verge of mortal things;
See this vain world in smoke decay,
And rocks and mountains melt away.

Behold the fiery deluge roll
Thro' heaven's wide arch, from pole to pole;
Pale sun, no more thy lustre boast!
Tremble and fall, ye starry host!

This wreck of nature all around,
The angels' shout, the trumpet's sound,
Loud the descending judge proclaim,
And echo his tremendous name.

Lord, to mine eyes this scene display,
Frequent through each revolving day;
And let thy grace my soul prepare,
To meet its full redemption there.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

7's.

HARK! that shout of rapt'rous joy,
Bursting forth from yonder cloud;
Jesus comes, and through the sky,
Angels tell their joy aloud.

Now the world's duration ends,
Now the Lord will meet his foes;
These shall perish, but his friends,
Shall in heaven obtain repose.

Hark, the trumpet's awful voice
Sounds abroad through sea and land;
Let his people now rejoice,
Their redemption is at hand.

See the Lord appears in view,
Heaven and earth before him fly;
Rise, ye saints, he comes for you,
Rise to meet him in the sky.

Go, and dwell with him above,
Where no foe can e'er molest;
Happy in the Saviour's love;
Blessing, and for ever blest.

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Septuagesima Sunday.

MORNING SERVICE.

FROM THE COLLECT.

C. M.

APPROACH, my soul, the mercy-seat,
Where Jesus answers prayer;
There humbly fall before his feet,
For none can perish there.

Thy promise is my only plea,
With this I venture nigh;
Thou callest burden'd souls to thee,
And such, O Lord, am I.

Bow'd down beneath a load of sin,
By Satan sorely press'd;
By war without, and fears within,
I come to thee for rest.

Be thou my shield and hiding place,
That, shelter'd near thy side,
I may my fierce accuser face,
And tell him, "Thou hast died."

O, wond'rous love! to bleed and die,
To bear the cross and shame,
That guilty sinners, such as I,
Might plead thy gracious name.

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Light of Eternity! thy ray
  Alone our darkness can illume!
Guide us to everlasting day,
  Beyond the precincts of the tomb!

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

P. M.

Jesus! shew us thy salvation,
  O, baptize us unto thee!
By thy mystic incarnation,
  By thy pure nativity!
Save us, thou, our great Creator!
  Into all our souls impart
Thy divine and holy nature:
  Form thyself within our heart.

By thy first blood-shedding, heal us
  Of our unbelief and sin;
By thy circumcision, seal us;
  Write thy law of love within:
By thy fasting and temptation,
  Mortify each vain desire;
Let thy inward operation
  Cleanse our hearts with mystic fire.

Digitized by Google

Arm us with thy self-denial;
  Every tempted soul defend;
Bring us safe through every trial;
  Guard, and guide us, to the end:
Keep us by thy intercession,
  Till we see thy face above,
Where thy wonderful salvation
  Fills the soul with perfect love.

The Epiphany.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

The glory of the Father shines
In Christ his Son, in fairest lines;
His birth, his life, and death proclaim
The honours of his mighty name.

A lucid star adorns the sky,
Signal of brighter glory nigh;
Angelic hosts the tidings bring,
And men adore the new-born King.

Digitized by Google

In all the doctrines Jesus taught,
In all the mighty works he wrought,
He made his power and mercy known;
And, in his death, his Godhead shone!

Earth trembled at her Maker's pain;
The temple's veil was rent in twain;
And men in deep amazement own,
Jesus was God's eternal Son.

Around the globe the tidings fly,
And Gentile sinners, doom'd to die,
The messages of grace receive,
And through a dying Saviour live.

EPISTLE.

C. M.

How large the promise! how divine!
To Abr'am and his seed:
"I'll be a God to thee and thine,
"Supplying all their need."

The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

Digitized by Google

Gentiles by nature, we belong
To the wild olive wood;
Grace took us from the barren tree,
And grafts us in the good.

With the same blessings grace endows
The Gentile and the Jew;
If pure and holy be the root,
Such are the branches too.

The God of Abra'm claims our praise,
His promises endure;
And Christ, the Lord, to us conveys,
And makes salvation sure.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

Star of the East! how sweet art thou,
Seen in life's early morning sky,
Ere yet a cloud has dimm'd the brow,
While yet we gaze with eager eye.

Ne'er may we lose it from our sight,
Till all our hopes and fears are led
To where it stays its lucid flight,
Over our Saviour's lowly bed.

Digitized by Google

There, swath'd in humble poverty,
  On Chastity's meek lap enshrin'd,
With breathless reverence waiting by,
  Where we our sovereign master find!

Did not the Gentile church find grace,
  Our mother dear, this favour'd day?
With gold and myrrh she sought thy face,
  Nor didst thou turn thy face away.

They gave their best.—O, tenfold shame
  On us, their fallen progeny,
Who sacrifice the blind and lame,
  And neither fast, or pray to Thee!

CHRISTIAN YEAR ALT:

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

When marshall'd on the nightly plain,
  The glitt'ring host bestud the sky;
One star alone, of all the train,
  Can fix the sinner's wand'ring eye.

Hark! hark! to God the chorus breaks,
  From every host, from every gem;
But one alone the Saviour speaks,
  It is the star of Bethlehem.

Digitized by Google

It is my guide, my light, my all,
  It bids my dark forebodings cease;
And through the storm and danger's thrall,
  It leads me to the port of peace.

When safely moor'd—my perils o'er,
  I'll sing, first in night's diadem,
For ever, and for evermore,
  The star! the star of Bethlehem!

First Sunday after the Epiphany.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

7's.

Come, my soul, thy suit prepare,
Jesus loves to answer prayer;
He himself has bid thee pray,
Therefore will not turn away.

Thou art coming to a King,
Large petitions with thee bring;
For his grace and pow'r are such,
None can ever ask too much.

Digitized by Google

Lord! I come to thee for rest,
Take possession of my breast;
There thy blood-bought right maintain,
And without a rival reign.

While I am a pilgrim here,
Let thy love my spirit cheer;
As my guide, my guard, my friend,
Lead me to my journey's end.

Shew me what I have to do,
Every hour my strength renew;
Let me live a life of faith,
Let me die thy people's death.

EPISTLE.

7s.

God of all redeeming grace,
By thy pard'ning love compell'd,
Up to thee our souls we raise,
Up to thee our bodies yield.

Thou our sacrifice receive,
Acceptable through thy Son;
While to thee alone we live,
While we die to thee alone.

Digitized by Google

Just it is, and good, and right,
That we should be wholly thine;
Only in thy will delight,
In thy blessed service join.

Oh, that every thought and word
Might proclaim how good thou art!
Holiness unto the Lord,
Still be written on our heart!

GOSPEL.

C. M.

Abash'd be all the boast of age!
Be hoary learning dumb!
Expounder of the mystic page,
Behold an infant come!

O, wisdom! whose unfading power
Before th' Eternal stood,
To frame, in nature's earliest hour,
The land, the sky, the flood.

Yet didst not thou disdain awhile
An infant form to wear;
To bless thy mother with a smile,
And lisp thy faltering prayer.

Digitized by Google

But in thy Father's own abode,
With Israel's elders round,
Conversing high with Israel's God
Thy greatest joy was found.

So may our youth adore thy name!
And, Saviour, deign to bless,
With fostering grace, the timid flame
Of early holiness.

BP. HEBER.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Thou, God, art a consuming fire,
Yet mortals may find grace
From life's distraction to retire,
And meet thee face to face.

Though "Holy, Holy, Holy Lord!"
Seraph to seraph sings;
And angel hosts, with one accord,
Worship with veiling wings:

Yet wilt thou look on him who lies
A suppliant at thy feet;
And hearken to the feeblest cries
That reach thy mercy-seat.

Digitized by Google

Through him who all our sickness felt,
Who all our sorrows bare:
Through him in whom all fulness dwelt,
We offer up our prayer.

Touch'd with the feeling of our woes,
Jesus our high priest stands;
All our infirmities he knows,
Our souls are in his hands.

He bears them up with strength divine,
When at thy feet we fall:
Lord, cause thy face on us to shine;
Hear us—on thee we call.

MONTGOMERY.

Second Sunday after the Epiphany.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Ye sons of men, in sacred lays,
Attempt your great Creator's praise!
But who an equal song can frame?
What verse can reach the lofty theme?

Digitized by Google

He sits enthron'd amidst the spheres,
And glory like a garment wears;
His boundless wisdom, power, and grace
Command our awe, transcend our praise.

To God, all nature owes its birth,
He form'd this ponderous globe of earth;
He rais'd the glorious arch on high,
And measured out the azure sky.

In all our Maker's grand designs,
Omnipotence with wisdom shines:
His works, through all this wond'rous frame,
Bear the great impress of his name.

Rais'd on devotion's lofty wing,
His high perfections let us sing;
O, let his praise employ our tongue,
Whilst listening worlds applaud the song.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Who shall ascend thy heavenly place,
Great God, and dwell before thy face?
The man that minds religion now,
And humbly walks with God below.

Digitized by Google

Whose hands are pure, whose heart is clean,
Whose lips still speak the thing they mean;
No slanders dwell upon his tongue,
He hates to do his neighbour wrong.

He loves his enemies, and prays
For those that curse him to his face;
And doth to all men still the same,
That he would hope or wish from them.

Yet, when his holiest works are done,
His soul depends on grace alone;
This is the man thy face shall see,
And dwell for ever, Lord, with thee.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

INCARNATE word! who, wont to dwell
In lowly shape and cottage cell,
Didst not refuse a guest to be,
At Cāna's poor festivity.

O, when our soul from care is free,
Then, Saviour, may we think on thee;
And seated at the festal board,
In fancy's eye behold the Lord.

Digitized by Google

Then may we seem in fancy's ear,
Thy manna-dropping tongue to hear;
And think, even now, thy searching gaze
Each secret of our soul surveys.

So may such joy, chastised and pure,
Beyond the bounds of time endure;
Nor pleasure in the wounded mind,
Shall leave a rankling sting behind.

BP. HEBER.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

O, LORD, our languid souls inspire,
Thy presence now display;
As thou hast giv'n a place for prayer,
So give us hearts to pray.

Shew us some token of thy love,
Our fainting hope to raise;
And pour thy blessings from above,
That we may render praise.

Digitized by Google

Within these walls let holy peace,
And love, and concord dwell;
Here give the troubled conscience ease,
The wounded spirit heal.

May we in faith receive thy word,
In faith present our prayers;
And in the presence of our Lord,
Unburden all our cares.

And may the gospel's joyful sound,
Enforced by mighty grace,
Awaken many sinners round,
To come and fill the place.

Third Sunday after the Epiphany.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Dear refuge of my weary soul,
On thee, when sorrows rise;
On thee, when waves of trouble roll,
My fainting hope relies.

Digitized by Google

To thee I tell each rising grief,
For thou alone canst heal;
Thy word can bring a sweet relief
For every pain I feel.

Hast thou not bid me seek thy face?
And shall I seek in vain?
And can the ear of sov'reign grace
Be deaf when I complain?

No; still the ear of sov'reign grace
Attends the mourner's prayer:
O, may I ever find access,
To breathe my sorrows there!

Thy mercy-seat is open still;
Here let my soul retreat,
With humble hope attend thy will,
And wait beneath thy feet.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

And is the gospel peace and love?
Such let our conversation be;
The serpent blended with the dove,
Wisdom and sweet simplicity.

Digitized by Google

Whene'er unholy tempers rise,
Anger, or pride, or selfish strife,
To Jesus may we lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

How meek, benevolent, and kind,
Lowly and ready to forgive;
Be these the tempers of our mind,
Ever like Jesus would we live.

O! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move;
Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labour of his life was love.

GOSPEL.

S. M.

Behold the leper comes,
Oppress'd with pain and grief,
Pouring his tears at Jesus' feet,
For pity and relief.

"O, speak the word," (he cries,)
"And heal me of my pain;
"Lord, thou art able, if thou wilt,
To make a leper clean."

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

C. M.

AWAKE, my soul, stretch every nerve,
And press with vigour on;
A heavenly race demands thy zeal
And an immortal crown.

A cloud of witnesses around,
Hold thee in full survey;
Forget the steps already trod,
And onward urge thy way.

'Tis God's all animating voice,
That calls thee from on high;
'Tis his own hand presents the prize,
To thine aspiring eye.

Blest Saviour, introduced by thee,
Have I my race begun;
And crown'd with vict'ry, at thy feet
I'll lay my honours down.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

THE God of glory walks around,
From day to day, from year to year;
And warns us each with awful sound,
"No longer stand thus idle here!"

Digitized by Google

" Ye whose young cheeks are rosy bright,
Whose hands are strong, whose hearts are clear,
Waste not of hope the morning light,
Ah, fools! why stand ye idle here?

" Oh, if the griefs ye would assuage,
That wait on life's declining year,
Secure a blessing in your age,
Work in your Master's vineyard here.

" And ye, whose locks of scanty grey,
Foretel your latest hour is near,
How swiftly flies each fleeting day,
And yet ye stand so idle here!

" One hour remains, perhaps but one!
But many a groan, and many a tear,
Through endless years the soul may moan
For moments lost and wasted here."

Dear Saviour, by thy saints adored,
To whom the sinner's soul is dear,
Recall us to thy vineyard, Lord,
And grant us grace to please thee there!

BP. HEBER.

Digitized by Google

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

WHAT various hindrances we meet
In coming to the mercy seat!
Yet who that knows the worth of prayer,
But wishes to be often there?

Prayer makes the darken'd cloud withdraw,
Prayer climbs the ladder Jacob saw,
Gives exercise to faith and love,
Brings every blessing from above.

Restraining prayer, we cease to fight;
Prayer makes the Christian's armour bright,
And Satan trembles when he sees
The weakest saint upon his knees.

Have you no words? Ah! think again,
Words flow apace when you complain,
And fill your fellow-creature's ear
With the sad tale of all your care.

Were half the breath thus vainly spent,
To heaven in supplication sent,
Your cheerful song would oft'ner be,
"Hear what the Lord has done for me!"

Digitized by Google

Sexagesima Sunday.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

No more, my God, I boast no more
  Of all the duties I have done;
I quit the hopes I held before,
  To trust the merits of thy Son.

Now, for the love I bear his name,
  What was my gain I count my loss;
My former pride I count my shame,
  And glory only in his cross.

Yes, and I must and will esteem
  All things but loss for Jesus' sake:
Oh, may my soul be found in him,
  And of his righteousness partake!

The best obedience of my hands
  Dares not appear before thy throne;
But faith can answer thy demands,
  By pleading what my Lord has done.

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

L. M.

LET me but hear my Saviour say,
" Strength shall be equal to thy day ;"
Then I rejoice in deep distress,
Leaning on all-sufficient grace.

I glory in infirmity,
That Christ's own power may rest on me ;
When I am weak, then am I strong,
Grace is my shield, and Christ my song.

I can do all things, or can bear
All sufferings, if my Lord be there ;
Sweet pleasures mingle with the pains,
While his left hand my head sustains.

But if the Lord be once withdrawn,
And we attempt the work alone,
When new temptations spring and rise,
We find how great our weakness is.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

LORD of the harvest ! God of grace !
Send down thy heavenly rain ;
In vain we plant without thy aid,
And water too in vain.

Digitized by Google

May no vain thoughts, those birds of prey,
Defraud us of our gain;
Nor anxious cares, those baneful thorns,
Choke up the precious grain.

Ne'er may our hearts be like the rock,
Where but the blade can spring;
Which, scorch'd with heat, becomes by noon
A dead, a useless thing.

Let not the joys thy gospel gives
A transient rapture prove;
Nor may the world, by smiles and frowns,
Our faith and hope remove.

But may our hearts, like fertile soil,
Receive the heavenly word;
So shall our fair and ripen'd fruits
Their hundred-fold afford.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Up to the Lord, that reigns on high,
And views the nations from afar,
Let everlasting praises fly,
And tell how large his bounties are.

Digitized by Google

He over-rules all mortal things,
And manages our mean affairs;
On humble souls, the King of kings
Bestows his counsels and his cares.

Our sorrows and our tears we pour
Into the bosom of our God;
He hears us in the mournful hour,
And helps us bear the heavy load.

O could our thankful hearts devise
A tribute equal to thy grace,
To the third heav'n our songs should rise,
And teach the golden harps thy praise.

Quinquagesima Sunday.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Let Pharisees of high esteem
Their faith and zeal declare;
All their religion is a dream,
If love be wanting there.

Digitized by Google

Love suffers long, with patient eye,
  Nor is provok'd in haste;
She lets the present injury die,
  And long forgets the past.

She lays her own advantage by,
  To seek her neighbour's good;
So God's own Son came down to die,
  And bought our lives with blood.

Love is the grace that keeps her power
  In all the realms above;
There faith and hope are known no more,
  But saints for ever love.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Had I the tongues of Greeks and Jews,
And nobler speech than angels use,
If love be absent, I am found
Like tinkling brass, an empty sound.

Were I inspir'd to preach and tell
All that is done in heaven and hell;
Or could my faith the world remove,
Still I am nothing without love.

Digitized by Google

Should I distribute all my store
To feed the bowels of the poor;
Or give my body to the flame,
To gain a martyr's glorious name;

If love to God, and love to men
Be absent, all my hopes are vain;
Nor tongues, nor gifts, nor fiery zeal,
The work of love can e'er fulfil.

GOSPEL.

P. M.

"MERCY, O thou Son of David!"
Thus blind Bartimeus pray'd;
"Others by thy word are saved,
Now to me afford thy aid:"

Many for his crying chid him,
But he call'd the louder still;
Till the gracious Saviour bid him
"Come, and ask me what you will."

Money was not what he wanted,
Though by begging us'd to live;
But he ask'd, and Jesus granted
Alms, which none but he could give:

Digitized by Google

" Lord, remove this grievous blindness,
Let my eyes behold the day;"
Straight he saw, and, won by kindness,
Followed Jesus in the way.

Oh! methinks I hear him praising,
Publishing to all around;
" Friends, is not my case amazing?
What a Saviour I have found!
Oh! that all the blind but knew him,
And would be advis'd by me!
Surely, would they hasten to him,
He would cause them all to see."

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

O God! my Saviour and my King,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring;
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.

May I from ev'ry act abstain
That hurts or gives another pain;
Still may I feel my heart inclin'd
To be the friend of all mankind!

Digitized by Google

With pity let my breast o'erflow,
When I behold a brother's woe;
And bear a sympathetic part
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart!

And let my neighbour's prosp'rous state
A mutual joy in me create;
His virtuous triumph let me join;
His peace and happiness be mine.

Let love through all my conduct shine,
An image fair, though faint, of thine;
Let me thy humble follower prove,
Father of grace, and God of love.

Ash Wednesday.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

O THAT thou would'st the heavens rent,
In majesty come down,
Stretch out thine arm omnipotent,
And seize me for thy own!

Digitized by Google

Descend, and let thy lightning burn
The stubble of thy foe;
My sins o'erturn, o'erturn, o'erturn,
And let the mountains flow.

What though I cannot break my chain,
Or e'er throw off my load,
The things impossible to men
Are possible to God!

Jesus! Redeemer, Saviour, Lord,
The weary sinner's friend,
Come to my help, pronounce the word,
And bid my troubles end.

Deliv'rance to my soul proclaim,
And life, and liberty,
Shed forth the virtue of thy name,
And Jesus prove to me.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

INDULGENT Sov'reign of the skies,
And wilt thou bow thy gracious ear?
While feeble mortals raise their cries,
Wilt thou, the great Jehovah, hear?

Digitized by Google

Base as we are, does not thine eye
  Its chosen thousands here survey;
Whose humbled souls lament the crowds
  Who walk in siu's destructive way?

O! be not angry, mighty God,
  While dust and ashes seek thy face;
But gently bending from thy throne,
  Renew, and still increase thy grace.

With gracious beams on Britain shine,
  And bless her princes and her priests;
And by thine energy divine,
  Let grateful thanks o'erflow our breasts.

Triumphant here let Jesus reign,
  And on his vineyard sweetly smile;
While all the virtues of his train
  Adorn our church, adorn our isle.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

God is a spirit, just and wise,
  He sees our innost mind;
In vain to heaven we raise our cries,
  And leave our souls behind.

Digitized by Google

Nothing but truth before his throne
With honour can appear;
The specious hypocrites are known
Through the disguise they wear.

Their lifted eyes salute the skies,
Their bended knees the ground;
But God abhors the sacrifice
Where not the heart is found.

Lord, search my thoughts and try my ways,
And make my heart sincere,
Then shall I stand before thy face,
And find acceptance there.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Dear Saviour! who, by every grief,
By each temptation tried,
Didst come to give our wants relief,
And to redeem us, died;

Protect our souls from Satan's wiles,
And ease our troubled breast,
Refresh us with thy cheering smiles,
For thou canst give us rest.

Digitized by Google

O save us in temptation's hour,
Nor put our souls to shame;
Where is thy mercy and thy power?
Are they not still the same?

From all the viewless snares of sin,
Preserve us firm and free;
As thou, like us, hast tempted been,
O let us trust in thee!

First Sunday in Lent.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Alas! what hourly dangers rise!
What snares beset my way!
To heaven, O let me lift my eyes,
And hourly watch and pray!

How oft my mournful thoughts complain,
And melt in flowing tears!
My weak resistance, ah, how vain!
How strong my foes and fears!

Digitized by Google

O gracious God, in whom I live,
My feeble efforts aid;
Help me to watch, and pray, and strive,
Though trembling and afraid.

Whene'er temptations fright my heart,
Or lure my feet aside;
My God, thy powerful aid impart,
My guardian and my guide!

O keep me in thy heavenly way,
And bid the tempter flee;
And never, never let me stray
From happiness and thee.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Blest men, who stretch their willing hands,
Submissive to their Lord's commands,
And yield their liberty and breath
To him that lov'd their souls in death.

Lead me to suffer and to die,
If thou, my gracious Lord, art nigh:
One smile from thee my heart shall fire,
And teach me, smiling, to expire.

Digitized by Google

If nature at the trial shake,
And from the stripes and cross draw back,
Grace can its feeble courage raise,
And turn its trembling into praise.

While scarce I dare with Peter say,
" I'll boldly tread the bleeding way ;"
Yet in thy steps, like John, I'd move
With humble hope and silent love.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

With joy we meditate the grace
Of our High Priest above ;
His heart is made of tenderness,
Of pity, and of love.

Touch'd with a sympathy within,
He knows our feeble frame ;
He knows what sore temptations mean,
For he has felt the same.

But spotless, innocent, and pure,
The great Redeemer stood ;
While Satan's fiery darts he bore,
And did resist to blood.

Digitized by Google

He in the days of feeble flesh
Pour'd out his cries and tears,
And in his measure feels afresh
What every member bears.

Then let our humble faith address
His mercy and his power,
We shall obtain deliv'ring grace
In the distressing hour.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT. C. M.

JESUS, our great High Priest and Head,
Cloath'd with our flesh and blood,
Who still dost intercede for us
Before the throne of God:

We know thou never canst forget
Thy poor weak members here;
But when we suffer in the least,
A part with us thou'lt bear.

Thou with great tenderness art touch'd
At what thy children feel;
When by temptations we are press'd,
Thou know'st our sufferings well.

Digitized by Google

Thou hast a tender sympathy
With every smart and pain;
For when thou wast a man on earth,
Thou didst our griefs sustain.

And though thou art exalted now,
Yet to us thou art near;
Thou know'st our weaknesses and wants,
And list'nest to our prayer.

Second Sunday in Lent.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

INCARNATE God! the soul that knows
Thy name's mysterious pow'r,
Shall dwell in undisturb'd repose,
Nor fear the trying hour.

Thy wisdom, faithfulness, and love,
To feeble helpless worms,
A buckler and a refuge prove
From enemies and storms.

Digitized by Google

Angels unseen, attend the saints,
And bear them in their arms,
To cheer the spirit when it faints,
And guide their life from harms.

The angels' Lord himself is nigh
To them that love his name;
Ready to save them when they cry,
And put their foes to shame.

Crosses and changes are their lot,
Long as they sojourn here;
But since their Saviour changes not,
What have the saints to fear.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Jesus, in whom the Godhead's rays
Beam forth with mildest majesty,
I see thee full of truth and grace,
And come for all I want to thee.

Wrathful, impure, and proud I am;
Nor constancy, nor strength, I have;
But thou, O Lord, art still the same,
And hast not lost thy power to save.

Digitized by Google

Save me from pride, the plague repel;
Jesu, thy humble mind impart,
O let that mind within me dwell,
And give me lowliness of heart.

Enter thyself, and cast out sin;
More of thy purity bestow:
Touch me, and make the leper clean:
Wash me, and I am white as snow.

GOSPEL.

7'8.

When the woman came from Tyre,
And for help to Jesus sought;
Though he granted her desire,
Yet at first he answer'd not.

Could she guess at his intent,
When he to his follow'rs said,
"I to Israel's sheep am sent;
Dogs must not have children's bread."

Yet although from Canaan sprung,
Though a dog herself she styl'd,
She had Israel's faith and tongue,
And was own'd for Abram's child.

Digitized by Google

From his words she draws a plea:
"Though unworthy children's bread,
'Tis enough for one like me,
If with crumbs I may be fed."

Jesus then his heart reveal'd:
"Woman, canst thou thus believe?
I to thy petition yield;
All that thou canst wish, receive."

'Tis a pattern set for us,
How we ought to wait and pray;
None who plead and wrestle thus
Shall be empty sent away.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

O THOU! to whose all-searching sight,
The darkness shineth as the light;
Search, prove my heart, it pants for thee;
O burst these bonds, and set it free!

Wash out its stains, refine its dross,
Nail my affections to thy cross;
Hallow each thought, that I like thee,
My Lord, may pure and holy be.

Digitized by Google

While in the darksome wild I stray,
Be thou my light, be thou my way:
No foes, no violence, I'd fear,
Nor snare, while thou, my God, art near.

Saviour, where'er thy steps I see,
Fearless, untried, I'd follow thee:
O let thy hand support me still,
And lead me to thy holy hill.

Third Sunday in Lent.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Now let the feeble all be strong,
And make Jehovah's arm their song:
His shield is spread o'er every saint,
And thus defended who shall faint?

What though the hosts of hell engage
With mingled cruelty and rage?
A faithful God restrains their hands,
And chains them down in iron bands.

Digitized by Google

Bound by his word, he will display
A strength proportion'd to our day ;
And when united trials meet,
Will shew a path of safe retreat.

Thus far we prove that promise good,
Which Jesus ratified with blood :
Still is he gracious, wise, and just,
And still in him let Israel trust.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

ENAMOURED of their golden dreams,
Let worldlings talk of worldly themes :
This should not be when Christians meet ;
The world should lie beneath their feet.

And can they want a nobler theme,
Whom Jesus suffer'd to redeem ?
The love that bore the cross should throw
A shade on every thing below.

Let idle jests be far from us,
It suits not us to trifle thus,
We'll leave it to the sons of earth,
And meet for profit not for mirth.

Digitized by Google

Come then, and let us talk of him
Who died, the sinner to redeem:
The joyful theme we'll still pursue,
'Tis sweet, 'tis rich, 'tis ever new.

His saints can never want a theme,
How can they, when they think of him?
For love like Christ's, so rich, so strong,
Is theme enough for endless song.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

Jesus, the name high over all,
In hell, or earth, or sky,
Angels and men before it fall,
And devils fear and fly.

Jesus, the name to sinners dear,
The name for sinners given,
It scatters all their guilty fear,
It turns their hell to heaven.

Jesus the prisoner's fetters breaks,
And bruises Satan's head,
Power into strengthless souls it speaks,
And life into the dead.

Digitized by Google

His only righteousness I shew,
  His saving truth proclaim:
'Tis all my business here below
  To cry—"Behold the Lamb!"

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

7's.

JESUS! lover of my soul,
  Let me to thy bosom fly,
While the raging billows roll,
  While the tempest still is high:
Hide me, O my Saviour! hide,
  Till the storm of life is past;
Safe into the haven guide,
  O receive my soul at last!

Other refuge have I none,
  Hangs my helpless soul on thee;
Leave, ah! leave me not alone,
  Still support and comfort me:
All my trust on thee is stay'd,
  All my help from thee I bring;
Cover my defenceless head
  With the shadow of thy wing!

Digitized by Google

Plenteous grace with thee is found,
Grace to pardon all my sin;
Let the healing streams abound,
Make and keep me pure within:
Thou of life the fountain art,
Freely let me take of thee;
Spring thou up within my heart,
Rise to all eternity!

Fourth Sunday in Lent.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Come, weary souls, with sin distrest,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Digitized by Google

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace:
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

Lord, we accept with thankful heart
The hopes thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

Jesus, O let thy powerful love
Confirm our faith, our fears remove:
Sweetly preside o'er every breast,
And guide us to eternal rest.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

While Sinai roárs, and round the earth,
Thunder, and fire, and vengeance flings,
Jesus, thy dear, expiring breath,
And Calvary, speak gentler things.

Pardon, and grace, and boundless love,
Streaming along a Saviour's blood;
And life, and joys, and crowns above,
Purchas'd by our redeeming God.

Digitized by Google

Hark! how he prays, (the charming sound
  Dwells on his dying lips,) FORGIVE!
And every groan, and gaping wound,
  Cries—"Father, let the rebels live!"

Go, you that rest upon the law,
  And toil, and seek salvation there;
Look to the flames that Moses saw,
  And shrink, and tremble, and despair:

But I'll retire beneath the cross;
  Saviour, at thy dear feet I lie:
And the keen sword that justice draws,
  Flaming and red, shall pass me by.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

JESUS! thou art the living bread
By which our needy souls are fed;
In thee alone thy children find
Enough to fill the empty mind.

Without this bread, I starve and die;
No other can my need supply;
But this will suit my wretched case,
At any time, in every place.

Digitized by Google

It life to dying souls imparts,
And heals and comforts broken hearts;
O grant me then this bread divine,
To feed this fainting soul of mine.

This precious food my heart revives,
What strength, what nourishment it gives!
O let me evermore be fed
With this divine celestial bread!

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Ye trembling souls, dismiss your fears,
Be mercy all your theme;
Mercy, which like a river flows,
In one perpetual stream.

"Fear not" the powers of earth and hell,
God will those powers restrain;
His arm shall all their rage repel,
And make their efforts vain.

"Fear not" the want of outward good,—
For his he will provide;
Grant them supplies of daily food;
And give them heaven beside.

Digitized by Google

"Fear not" that he will e'er forsake,
Or leave his work undone;
He 's faithful to his promises,
And faithful to his Son.

"Fear not" the terrors of the grave,
Or death's tremendous sting;
He will from endless wrath preserve,
To endless glory bring.

Fifth Sunday in Lent.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Far from the world, O Lord, I flee,
From strife and tumult far;
From scenes where Satan wages still
His most successful war.

The calm retreat, the silent shade,
With prayer and praise agree;
And seem by thy sweet bounty made,
For those who follow thee.

Digitized by Google

There, if thy Spirit touch the soul,
And grace her mean abode,
O, with what peace, and joy, and love,
She communes with her God!

Author and guardian of my life,
Sweet source of light divine;
And, (all harmonious names in one,)
My Saviour, thou art mine!

What thanks I owe thee, and what love!
A boundless, endless store
Shall echo through the realms above,
When time shall be no more.

EPISTLE.

S. M.

Not all the blood of beasts
On Jewish altars slain,
Could give the guilty conscience peace,
Or wash away the stain.

But Christ, the heavenly Lamb,
Takes all our sins away;
A sacrifice of nobler name,
And richer blood than they.

Digitized by Google

My faith would lay her hand
On that dear head of thine,
While like a penitent I stand,
And there confess my sin.

My soul looks back to see
The burthens thou didst bear,
When hanging on th' accursed tree,
And hopes her guilt was there.

Believing, we rejoice
To see the curse remove :
We bless the Lamb with cheerful voice,
And sing his bleeding love.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

Behold the woman's promis'd seed !
Behold the great Messiah come !
Behold the prophets all agreed
To give him the superior room !

Abra'm the saint rejoic'd of old
When visions of the Lord he saw ;
Moses the man of God foretold
This great fulfiller of his law.

Digitized by Google

The types bore witness to his name,
  Obtain'd their chief design, and ceas'd;
The incense and the bleeding lamb,
  The ark, the altar, and the priest.

Predictions in abundance meet
  To join their blessings on his head;
Jesus, we worship at thy feet,
  And nations own the promis'd seed.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

He who on earth as man was known,
  And bore our sins and pains,
Now seated on th' eternal throne,
  The God of glory reigns.

His righteousness to faith reveal'd,
  Wrought out for guilty worms,
Affords a hiding-place and shield
  From enemies and storms.

When troubles, like a burning sun,
  Beat heavy on their head,
To this Almighty rock they run,
  And find refreshing shade.

Digitized by Google

How glorious he! how happy they
In such a glorious friend!
Whose love secures them all the way,
And crowns them at the end.

The Sunday next before Easter.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

8's—7's.

SWEET the moments, rich in blessing,
Which before the cross I spend,
Life, and health, and peace, possessing,
From the sinner's dying friend.
Here I'll sit, for ever viewing
Mercy's streams in streams of blood;
Precious drops! my soul bedewing,
Plead and claim my peace with God.

Truly blessed is this station
Low before his cross to lie,
While I see divine compassion
Floating in his languid eye;
Here it is I find my heaven,
While upon the cross I gaze,
Love I much? I've much forgiven,
I'm a miracle of grace!

Digitized by Google

Love and grief my heart dividing,
With my tears his feet I'll bathe,
Constant still in faith abiding,
Life deriving from his death:
May I still enjoy this feeling
In all need to Jesus go,
Prove his wounds, each day more healing,
And himself more deeply know!

EPISTLE.

P. M.

Every knee shall bow to Jesus,
'Tis decreed, and must be done;
God ordains it, whom he pleases,
Thus to glorify his Son;
Honour is to Jesus given,
All the pow'r in earth and heaven.

See the Lord, "a man in fashion,
Of no reputation made;"
See, he dies without compassion,
In the tomb behold him laid!
Though he seems deserted now,
Every knee to him shall bow.

See him now to glory raised,
Bearing an unrivall'd name:

Digitized by Google

Angels, at the sight amazed,
Worship and confess his claim;
All in heaven adore him now:
Every knee to him shall bow.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

The morning dawns upon the place
Where Jesus spent the night in prayer;
Through yielding glooms behold his face,
Nor form nor comeliness is there.

See him, by those he call'd his own,
Betrayed, forsaken, or denied,
He met his enemies alone,
In all their malice, rage, and pride.

Brought forth to judgment, now he stands
Arraign'd, condemn'd, at Pilate's bar,
There, spurn'd by fierce Prætorian bands,
There, mock'd by Herod's men of war.

He bears their buffetting and scorn,
Mock-homage of the lip, the knee,
The purple robe, the crown of thorn,
The scourge, the nail, th' accursed tree.

Digitized by Google

But hark! he prays—'tis for his foes;
He speaks,—'tis comfort to his friends;
Answers,—and Paradise bestows;
He bows his head;—the conflict ends.

He dies!—the veil is rent in twain;
Darkness o'er all the land is spread;
In every bosom terrors reign;
Earth quakes, the graves give up their dead.

EVENING SERVICE.

8's—8's—6's.

IMMANUEL, sunk with dreadful woe,
Unfelt, unknown to all below,
Except the Son of God,
In agonizing pangs of soul,
Drinks deep of suffering's bitter bowl,
He sweats great drops of blood!

See his disciples slumbering round,
Nor pitying friend on earth is found!
He treads the press alone:
Cut off for sins, but not his own,
The great redeeming work is done,
His death it must atone.

Digitized by Google

"O Father, hear! this cup remove!"
Cried thus the object of his love,
Laid prostrate at his throne:
"But if these pangs must still be borne,
Or wretched man be left forlorn,
Thy will, not mine, be done."

His earnest prayers, his deep'ning groans,
Were heard before angelic thrones;
Amazement wrapt the sky;
"Go, strengthen Christ!" the Father said:
The astonish'd seraph bow'd his head,
And left the realms on high.

Made strong in strength, renew'd from heaven,
Jesus receives the cup as given,
And perfectly resign'd,
He drinks the wormwood mix'd with gall,
Sustains the curse,—removes it all,
Nor leaves a dreg behind.

Digitized by Google

Good Friday.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Jesus, the Saviour!—yes, 'tis he!
Victim of wrath, lo, where he hangs,
Nail'd with contempt on yonder tree,
The Lord of life in dying pangs.

Hark, how the bursting thunders groan,
See, the swift lightnings flash around,
The starting rocks their God bemoan,
And sighing nature heaves the ground.

O'er all that fills the lucid sky
Darkness her dismal mantle rolls;
And terrors upon terrors fly
Round the sad world to both her poles.

Nature, all trembling, fled the scene;
Man, only man, obdurate stood,
Nor felt the keen distress of sin
In tears divine, and groans, and blood.

Digitized by Google

Tears upon tears fell trickling down:
Sure, angels wept for cruel men,
And tears in heaven for once were known,
Where not a tear shall drop again.

But cease, my soul! cease to deplore,
Salvation flowed as Jesus bled:
Then, wrapt in wond'ring love, adore,
And lift in praise thy drooping head.

COLLECT.

C. M.

FOUNTAIN of truth, and grace, and power,
Thy word can ne'er decay;
But firmly fix'd, shall still endure,
When worlds are pass'd away.

O smile propitious, while we dare
The promises to plead,
Which thy own sacred pages bear
To faithful Abram's seed.

Hast thou far off thy people cast,
For ever to remain?
Wilt thou not, Lord, return at last,
And visit them again?

Digitized by Google

Hasten, O Lord, the happy hour
When this shall be fulfill'd;
And thy dear Son, with mighty power,
To Israel be reveal'd.

When Jew and Heathen shall combine
Immanuel's name to praise;
And sound his mercy, all divine,
To everlasting days.

EPISTLE.

C. M.

For whom is yonder crown prepar'd,
Of workmanship divine?
For Jesus is the bright reward,
For him its glories shine.

Beneath the earth awhile he lies,
A pris'ner with the dead:
A victor soon the Lord will rise,
And glory wreathe his head.

He saw the cross, despis'd the shame,
And bow'd beneath its weight;
For this he bears the greatest name,
And gains the highest seat.

Digitized by Google

To him shall every knee be bow'd:
His claim shall angels own:
Around the rising victor crowd,
And hail him to his throne.

Let saints on earth their tribute bring,
And echo back the sound;
For he who saves them is the King
By hosts angelic crown'd.

GOSPEL.

8's—7's—4.

HARK! the voice of love and mercy,
Sounds aloud from Calvary!
See, it rends the rocks asunder,
Shakes the earth, and veils the sky!
"It is finish'd!"
Hear the dying Saviour's cry!

"It is finish'd!" O what pleasure
Do these gracious words afford!
Heavenly blessings without measure
Flow to us from Christ the Lord.
"It is finish'd!"
Saints the dying words record.

Digitized by Google

Finish'd, all the types and shadows
  Of the ceremonial law!
Finish'd, all that God had promis'd;
  Death and hell no more shall awe;
    "It is finish'd!"
  Saints, from hence your comfort draw.

Tune your harps anew, ye seraphs,
  Join to sing the pleasing theme—
All on earth and all in heaven,
  Join to praise Immanuel's name!
    Hallelujah!
  Glory to the conquering Lamb.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Behold the Saviour of the world
  Embrued with sweat and gore,
Expiring on that shameful cross
  Where he our sorrows bore!

Who can to love his name forbear,
  That of his sufferings hears,
And finds the ransom of his soul
  Was blood as well as tears?

Digitized by Google

Thy sacred blood, O Son of God!
Which ran from many a wound,
When earth and hell's malicious powers
All compass'd thee around.

Joy for thy torments we receive,
Life in thy death have found;
For the reproaches of thy cross
Shall be with glory crown'd.

May we a grateful sense retain
Of thy redeeming love!
And live below like those that hope
To live with thee above!

Easter Even.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Behold the Saviour on the cross,
A spectacle of woe!
See from his agonizing wounds
The blood incessant flow;

Digitized by Google

Till death's pale ensigns o'er his cheek
And trembling lips were spread ;
Till light forsook his closing eyes,
And life his drooping head.

" Tis finish'd !"—was his latest voice ;
These sacred accents o'er,
He bow'd his head, gave up the ghost,
And suffer'd pain no more.

" 'Tis finish'd !"—all his groans are past,
His blood, his pain, his toils,
Have fully vanquish'd all our foes,
And crown'd him with their spoils.

" 'Tis finish'd !"—Legal worship ends,
And gospel ages run ;
All old things now are past away,
And a new world begun.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Begin, my soul, the heavenly song,
A subject for an angel's tongue ;
The blest Redeemer's boundless grace
Deserves our holiest, loudest praise.

Digitized by Google

He that distributes crowns and thrones,
Hangs on the cross, and bleeds, and groans,
The Prince of Life resigns his breath,
The King of Glory bows to death!

But see the wonders of his power,
He triumphs in his dying hour;
And while by Satan's rage he fell,
He dash'd the rising hopes of hell.

Who shall fulfil this boundless song?
The theme surmounts an angel's tongue,
Let all creation join to raise
One loud immortal song of praise.

GOSPEL.

7's.

Met around the sacred tomb,
Friends of Jesus, why those tears?
'Midst this sad sepulchral gloom
Shall your faith give way to fears?
He will soon, even as he said,
Rise triumphant from the dead.

Hidden from all ages past
Was the cross's mystery,

Digitized by Google

Doubts awhile a veil had cast
O'er that first dear family;
Till they saw him, and believ'd,
And as Lord and God receiv'd.

Then with tears of love and joy,
They remember'd all his pain,
Sighs, and groans, and dying cry;
For the Lamb for all was slain,
And, from death our soul to save,
Once for us lay in the grave.

In thy death is all my trust,
I have thee my refuge made,
And, when once consign'd to dust,
In the tomb my body's laid,
Then with saved souls above,
I will praise thy dying love,

But while here I'm left behind,
Burthen'd with infirmity,
May I help and comfort find,
Thinking on Gethsemane,
Calvary, and Joseph's tomb,
Till my sabbath's also come.

Digitized by Google

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Behold the Lamb of God, who bore
Thy burdens on the tree,
And paid in blood the dreadful score,
The ransom due for thee.

Look to him till the sight endears
The Saviour to thy heart,
His pierced feet bedew with tears,
Nor from his cross depart.

Look to him till his dying love
Thy every thought controul,
Its vast constraining influence prove
O'er body, spirit, soul.

Look to him as the race you run,
Your never failing friend;
Finish he will the work begun,
And grace in glory end.

Digitized by Google

Easter Day.

MORNING SERVICE.

7's.

Angels, roll the stone away,
Death, yield up thy mighty prey;
See! he rises from the tomb,
Glowing in immortal bloom,—
Hallelujah!

'Tis the Saviour, angels, raise
Fame's eternal trump of praise;
Let the earth's remotest bound
Hear the joy-inspiring sound,—
Hallelujah!

Praise him, all ye heavenly choirs,
Praise, and sweep your golden lyres;
Shout, O earth, in rapt'rous song,
Let the strains be sweet and strong,—
Hallelujah!

Ev'ry note with wonder swell,
Sin o'erthrown and captiv'd hell,
Where is hell's once dreaded king?
Where, O death, thy mortal sting?
Hallelujah!

Digitized by Google

CHRIST being raised from the dead, dieth no more.—
Rom. 6, v. 9.

S. M.

"The Lord is risen indeed!"
And are the tidings true?
Yes; they beheld the Saviour bleed,
And saw him living too.

"The Lord is risen indeed!"
Then is his work perform'd;
The captive surely now is freed,
And death, our foe, disarm'd.

"The Lord is risen indeed!"
He lives to die no more:
He lives, the sinner's cause to plead,
Whose curse and shame he bore.

"The Lord is risen indeed!"
Attending angels hear;
Up to the courts of heaven with speed,
The joyful tidings bear.

Then take your golden lyres,
And strike each cheerful chord;
Join all the bright celestial choirs,
To sing our risen Lord.

Digitized by Google

CHRIST is risen from the dead, and become the first-fruits of them that slept.—1 *Cor.* 15, v. 20.

7's.

"CHRIST the Lord is risen to-day;"
Sons of men and angels say;
Raise your songs and triumphs high,
Sing, ye heavens, and earth reply.

Love's redeeming work is done;
Fought the fight, the battle won;
Lo! the sun's eclipse is o'er,—
Lo! he sets in blood no more.

Vain the stone, the watch, the seal,
Christ has burst the gates of hell:
Death in vain forbids his rise,
Christ has open'd Paradise.

Lives again our glorious King!
"Where, O death, is now thy sting?"
Once he died our souls to save;
"Where's thy victory, boasting grave?"

Hail the Lord of earth and heav'n!
Praise to thee by both be giv'n;
Thee we greet triumphant now,
Hail! the resurrection—thou!

Digitized by Google

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

When I the holy grave survey,
Where once my Saviour deign'd to lie,
I see fulfill'd what prophets say,
And all the power of death defy.

This empty tomb shall now proclaim
How weak the bands of conquer'd death;
Sweet pledge, that all who trust his name
Shall rise, and draw immortal breath!

Jesus, once number'd with the dead,
Bursts from the tomb to die no more;
And ever lives their cause to plead,
For whom the pains of death he bore.

Though in the dust I lay my head,
Yet, gracious God, thou wilt not leave
My flesh for ever with the dead,
Nor leave thy children in the grave.

EPISTLE.

C. M.

Hearken, ye children of your God;
Ye heirs of glory, hear;
For accents so divine as these
Might charm the dullest ear.

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Baptiz'd into your Saviour's death,
  Your souls to sin must die;
With Christ your Lord ye live anew,
  With Christ ascend on high.

There at his Father's hand he sits,
  Enthron'd, divinely fair,
Yet owns himself your brother still,
  And your forerunner there.

Rise from these earthly trifles, rise,
  On wings of faith and love;
Jesus, your choicest treasure, lives,
  And be your hearts above.

But earth and sin will drag us down,
  When we attempt to fly;
Lord, send thy strong attractive force
  To raise and fix us high.

GOSPEL.

8's—7's—4.

Come, ye saints, behold and wonder,
  See the place where Jesus lay;
He has burst his bonds asunder,
  He has borne our sins away:
    Joyful tidings!
Yes, the Lord is risen to-day.

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Jesus triumphs! sing his praises,
'Twas by death he overcame;
Thus the Lord his glory raises,
Thus he fills his foes with shame;
Sing ye praises!
Praises to the victor's name.

Jesus triumphs! countless legions
Come from heaven to meet their king:
Soon in yonder happy regions
They shall join his praise to sing;
Songs eternal
Shall through heaven's high arches ring.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

148th.

Yes! the Redeemer rose,
The Saviour left the dead,
And o'er our hellish foes
High rais'd his conquering head;
In wild dismay the guards around
Fell to the ground, and sunk away.

Digitized by Google

Lo! the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait his high commands,
And worship at his feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day to such a tomb.

Then back to heaven they fly,
And the glad tidings bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air;
Their anthems say, "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead; he rose to-day."

Ye mortals, catch the sound,
Redeem'd by him from hell,
And send the echo round
The globe on which you dwell.
Transported, cry, "Jesus who bled
Hath left the dead—no more to die."

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First Sunday after Easter.

MORNING PRAYER.

ON THE COLLECT.

7's.

LAMB of God, who thee receive,
Who in thee desire to live,
Day and night they cry to thee—
As thou art, so let us be!

Fix, O fix our wavering mind,
To thy cross our spirits bind,
Gladly now we would be clean,
Cleanse our hearts from every sin.

Dust and ashes though we be,
Full of guilt and misery;
Thine we are, thou Son of God,
Take the purchase of thy blood.

Sinners who in thee believe
Everlasting life receive;
They with joy behold thy face,
Triumph in thy pardoning grace.

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

S. M.

Our Saviour's pierced side
Poured out a double flood;
By water we are purified,
And pardon'd by his blood.

Infinite was our guilt,
But he our priest atones;
For us his life and blood were spilt,
And offered with his groans.

Look up, my soul, to him,
Whose death was thy desert;
And humbly view the living stream
Flow from his bleeding heart.

Thus the Redeemer came,
By water and by blood;
And when the Spirit speaks the same,
We feel the witness good.

While the Eternal Three
Bear their record above,
Here I believe he died for me;
And view my Saviour's love.

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GOSPEL.

C. M.

On the first Christian sabbath-eve,
When Christ's disciples met
O'er his last fellowship to grieve,
Nor knew the Scriptures yet;

Lo! in their midst, his form was seen,
The form in which he died;
The wounded, marr'd, forgiving mien—
His hands, his feet, his side!

Then were they glad their Lord to know,
And worshipp'd, yet with fear;
Jesus again thy presence show,
Meet thy disciples here;

Be in our midst;—let faith rejoice
Our risen Lord to view;
And let our spirits hear thy voice
Say "Peace be unto you!"

Then, while we hearken, O unfold
The scriptures to our mind;
Their mysteries may we now behold,
Their hidden treasures find!

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

JESUS, our best beloved friend,
Draw out our souls in pure desire ;
Jesus, in love to us descend,
Baptize us with thy Spirit's fire.

On thy redeeming name we call,
Poor and unworthy though we be :
Pardon and sanctify us all ;
Let each thy full salvation see.

Our souls and bodies we resign,
To fear and follow thy commands ;
O take our hearts—our hearts are thine,
Accept the service of our hands.

Firm, faithful, watching unto prayer,
May we thy blessed will obey ;
Toil in thy vineyard here, and bear
The heat and burden of the day.

Yet, Lord, for us a resting place,
In heaven at thy right hand prepare ;
And till we see thee face to face,
Be all our conversation there.

MONTGOMERY.

Digitized by Google

Second Sunday after Easter.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Oh! if we love the Saviour's name,
Let his divine example move;
Dispensing good where'er he came,
The labour of his life was love.

Whene'er unholy tempers rise,
Anger, or pride, or selfish strife,
To Jesus may we lift our eyes,
Bright pattern of the Christian life.

How meek, benevolent, and kind!
Lowly and ready to forgive!
Be these the tempers of the mind,
Ever like Jesus would we live.

Thy fair example, Lord, we trace;
To teach us what we ought to be;
Make us by thy transforming grace,
Dear Saviour, daily more like thee.

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EPISTLE.

L. M.

My dear Redeemer and my Lord,
I read my duty in thy word ;
But in thy life the law appears
Drawn out in living characters.

Such was thy truth, and such thy zeal,
Such deference to thy Father's will,
Such love, and meekness so divine,
I would transcribe and make them mine.

Cold mountains and the midnight air
Witness'd the fervor of thy pray'r :
The desert thy temptations knew,
Thy conflict and thy victory too.

Be thou my pattern ; make me bear
More of thy gracious image here ;
Then God the judge shall own my name
Amongst the followers of the Lamb.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

To thee, my shepherd and my Lord,
A grateful song I'll raise ;
O let the meanest of thy flock
Attempt to speak thy praise.

Digitized by Google

Vain the attempt! What tongue can speak
A subject so divine?
Do justice to so vast a theme,
And praise a love like thine?

Love, that could bring thy willing feet,
From that blest world on high!
From thy great Father's high abode,
To labour, bleed, and die.

My life, my joy, my hope, I owe
To this amazing love;
Ten thousand thousand comforts here,
And nobler bliss above.

Lead on, dear Shepherd, led by thee
No evil I shall fear;
Soon I shall reach thy fold above,
And praise thee better there.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

In duties and in sufferings too,
My Lord I fain would trace;
As thou hast done, so would I do,
Depending on thy grace.

Digitized by Google

Inflam'd with zeal, 'twas thy delight
To do thy Father's will;
May the same zeal my soul excite,
Thy precepts to fulfil.

Meekness, humility, and love,
Through all thy conduct shine;
O may my whole deportment prove
A copy, Lord, of thine.

Third Sunday after Easter.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Is there no kind, no lenient art,
To heal the anguish of the heart?
To ease the heavy load of care,
Which nature must, but ill can bear?

Can reason's dictates be obey'd?
Too weak, alas! her strongest aid:
O let religion then be nigh,
Her consolations never die.

Digitized by Google

Her powerful aid supports the soul,
And nature owns her kind controul;
While she unfolds the sacred page,
Our fiercest griefs resign their rage.

Then gentle patience smiles on pain,
And dying hope revives again:
Hope wipes the tears from sorrow's eye,
And faith points upward to the sky.

The promise guides her ardent flight,
And joys unknown to sense invite,
Those blissful regions to explore,
Where pleasure blooms to fade no more.

EPISTLE.

C. M.

A SOLDIER'S march, from battle fought,
To new commencing strife,
A pilgrim's path, with hazard sought,
Describes a Christian's life.

O let us seek our heavenly home,
Reveal'd in sacred lore;
The land whence pilgrims never roam,
Where soldiers war no more.

Digitized by Google

Where grief shall never wound, nor death,
Beneath the Saviour's reign;
Nor sin, with pestilential breath,
His holy name profane;

The land where (suns and moons unknown,
And night's alternate sway,)
Jehovah's ever-burning throne
Upholds unbroken day;

Where they who meet shall never part,
Where grace achieves its plan,
And God, uniting ev'ry heart,
Dwells face to face with man.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

In raptures let our hearts ascend
Our heavenly seats to view,
And grateful trace that shining path,
Our rising Saviour drew.

"Up to my Father, and my God,
I go; (the conqueror cries,)
Up to your Father, and your God,
My brethren, lift your eyes."

Digitized by Google

And does the Lord of Glory call
  Such worms his brethren dear?
And does he point to heaven's high throne,
  And shew our Father there?

And does he teach my sinful lips
  That tuneful sound, my God?
And breathe his Spirit on my heart
  To shed his love abroad?

O world, produce a good like this,
  And thou shalt have my love;
Till then, my Father claims it all,
  And Christ, who dwells above.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Religion is the chief concern
  Of mortals here below;
May I its great importance learn,
  Its sovereign virtue know!

Religion should our thoughts engage,
  Amidst our youthful bloom:
'Twill fit us for declining age,
  Or for the awful tomb.

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Be this my steady care and strife,
To witness all its powers;
'Twill be my best support in life,
And cheer my dying hours.

Let deep repentance, faith, and love,
Be join'd with godly fear,
And all my conversation prove
My heart to be sincere.

Preserve me from the snares of sin,
Through my remaining days,
And in me let each virtue shine,
To my Redeemer's praise.

Fourth Sunday after Easter.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Come, Lord, and warm each languid heart,
Inspire each lifeless tongue;
And let the joys of heaven impart
Their influence to our song.

Digitized by Google

There on a throne, in glory bright,
Th' exalted Saviour shines,
And beams unspeakable delight
On all the heavenly minds.

There shall the followers of the Lamb
Join in immortal songs,
And endless honours to his name
Employ their tuneful tongues.

How will the wonders of his grace
In their full brightness shine ?
His wisdom, power, and faithfulness,
All glorious, all divine !

Lord, tune our hearts to praise and love,
Our feeble notes inspire,
Till, in thy blissful courts above,
We join th' angelic choir.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

So let our lips and love express
The holy gospel we profess ;
So let our works and virtues shine,
To prove the doctrine all divine.

Digitized by Google

Thus shall we best proclaim abroad
The honours of our Saviour God,
When his salvation reigns within,
And grace subdues the power of sin.

Our flesh and sense must be denied,
Passion and envy, lust and pride;
While justice, temp'rance, truth, and love,
Our inward piety approve.

Religion bears our spirits up,
While we expect that blessed hope,
The bright appearance of the Lord,
And faith stands leaning on his word.

GOSPEL.

P. M.

Jesus, we trust upon thy word,
Our waiting souls have heard from thee;
Be mindful of thy promise, Lord,
Thy promise made to such as we;—
To such as Zion's paths pursue,
And long have known that God is true.

Thou say'st, "I will the Father pray,
And he the Comforter shall give,
Shall give him in your hearts to stay,
And never more his temples leave;

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Myself will to my children come,
And make you my eternal home."

Come then, dear Lord, thyself reveal,
And let thy promise now take place;
Be it according to thy will,
According to thy word of grace!
Thy sorrowful disciples cheer,
And send us down the Comforter.

Hasten him, Lord, into each heart,
Our sure, our true, unerring guide;
O may we meet, and never part,
But ever in our hearts abide;
And keep his house of praise and prayer,
And rest and reign for ever there!

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

S. M.

Come, we that love the Lord,
And let our joy be known,
Join in a song with sweet accord,
And thus surround the throne.

Digitized by Google

The sorrows of the mind
Be banish'd from the place!
Religion never was design'd
To make our pleasures less.

Let those refuse to sing
That never knew our God:
But servants of the heavenly King
May speak their joys abroad.

The men of grace have found
Glory begun below:
Celestial fruits on earthly ground
From faith and hope may grow.

Then let our songs abound,
And ev'ry tear be dry;
We're marching through Immanuel's ground
To fairer worlds on high.

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Fifth Sunday after Easter.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

ETERNAL Spirit! 'twas thy breath
The oracles of truth inspired,
And kings, and holy seers of old,
With strong prophetic impulse fired.

Fill'd with thy great Almighty power,
Their lips with heavenly science flow'd,
Their hands a thousand wonders wrought,
Which bore the signature of God.

With gladsome hearts they spread the news
Of pardon, through a Saviour's blood,
And to a numerous seeking crowd,
Mark'd out the path to his abode.

The powers of earth and hell in vain
Against thy sacred word combine;
Thy providence through every age,
Securely guards the book divine.

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Thee, its great author, source of light,
Thee, its preserver, we adore;
And humbly ask a ray from thee,
Its hidden wonders to explore.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

God, in the gospel of his Son,
Makes his eternal counsels known;
'Tis here his richest mercy shines,
And truth is drawn in fairest lines.

Here, sinners of a humble frame
May see his grace and learn his name;
'Tis writ in characters of blood,
Severely just, immensely good.

Here faith reveals to mortal eyes
A brighter world beyond the skies:
Here shines the light which guides our way,
From earth to realms of endless day.

O grant us grace, Almighty Lord!
To read and mark thy holy word;
Its truth with meekness to receive,
And by its holy precepts live.

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GOSPEL.

L. M.

If Solomon for wisdom pray'd,
The Lord before had made him wise;
Else he another choice had made,
And ask'd for what the worldlings prize.

The Lord invites his people still,
And still instructs them how to choose,
Then bids them ask whate'er they will,
Assured that he will not refuse.

And dost thou say, "Ask what thou wilt?"
Lord, I would seize the golden hour;
I pray to be released from guilt,
And freed from sin and Satan's pow'r.

Give me to read my pardon seal'd,
And from thy wounds to draw my strength;
To have thy boundless love reveal'd
In all its height, and breadth, and length.

Grant these requests, I ask no more,
But to thy care the rest resign;
Sick, or in health, or rich, or poor,
All shall be well, if I am thine.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

'Twas by an order from the Lord
The ancient prophets spoke his word;
His Spirit did their tongues inspire,
And warm'd their hearts with heavenly fire.

The works and wonders which they wrought
Confirm'd the messages they brought;
The prophet's pen succeeds his breath,
To save the holy words from death.

Great God, mine eyes with pleasure look
On the dear volume of thy book;
There my Redeemer's face I see,
And read his name who died for me.

Let the false raptures of the mind
Be lost, and vanish in the wind;
Here I can fix my hope secure;
This is thy word, and must endure.

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Ascension Day.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

HEAVEN is a place of rest from sin,
But all who hope to enter there,
Must here that holy course begin,
Which shall their souls for rest prepare.

A life in heaven!—O what is this?
The sum of all that faith believed;
Fulness of joy, and depths of bliss,
Unseen, unfathomed, unconceived.

While thrones, dominions, princedoms, powers,
And saints made perfect, triumph thus,
A goodly heritage is ours,
There is a heaven on earth for us.

The church of Christ, the school of grace,
The Spirit teaching by the word;
In *those* our Saviour's steps we trace,
By *this* his living voice is heard.

Firm in his footsteps may we tread,
Learn every lesson of his love,

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And be from grace to glory led,
From heaven below to heaven above.

MONTGOMERY.

EPISTLE.

8's.

The heavens their wide portals unfold,
The Saviour ascends to the throne;
Him seated in glory behold,
The kingdoms he claims for his own;
His followers with joy and surprise,
All eagerness, gaze on his flight,
In a cloud as he mounts to the skies,
Till hid with effulgence of light.

But faith can pierce through the bright veil,
And enter the holiest place,
No cloud can the Saviour conceal,
We view him as face unto face.
Our king all our foes shall subdue,
Beneath are omnipotent arms;
Though Satan, Sin, Death, may pursue,
Our souls are secure from all harms.

Forerunner now enter'd for me,
The mansions of bliss to prepare.

Digitized by Google

Raise up my affections to thee,
  Take me into thy keeping and care;
Prepare me for this blest abode,
  Still looking to thee as I run,
Teach my feet to ascend the bright road,
  And finish what thou hast begun.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

"Go, preach my gospel," saith the Lord,
"Bid the whole earth my grace receive;
He shall be sav'd that trusts my word,
He shall be damn'd that won't believe.

"I'll make your great commission known,
And ye shall prove my gospel true
By all the works that I have done,
By all the wonders ye shall do.

"Go, heal the sick; go, raise the dead;
Go, cast out devils in my name;
Nor let my prophets be afraid,
Tho' Greeks reproach, and Jews blaspheme."

He spake, and light shone round his head;
On a bright cloud to heaven he rode;
They to the farthest nations spread
The grace of their ascending God.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Now for a tune of lofty praise
To great Jehovah's equal Son!
Awake, my voice, in heav'nly lays,
Tell the loud wonders he hath done.

Down to this base, this sinful earth,
He came to raise our nature high;
He came to atone Almighty wrath;
Jesus, the God, was born to die.

Deep in the shades of gloomy death
The Almighty captive pris'ner lay;
The Almighty captive left the earth,
And rose to everlasting day.

Lift up your eyes, ye sons of light,
Up to his throne of shining grace;
See, what immortal glories sit
Round the sweet beauties of his face!

Amongst a thousand harps and songs
Jesus, the God, exalted reigns;
His sacred name fills all their tongues
And echoes through the heav'nly plains.

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Sunday after Ascension.

MORNING PRAYER.

ON THE COLLECT.

8's—7's.

Holy Ghost, dispel our sadness,
Pierce the clouds of nature's night;
Come, thou source of joy and gladness,
Breathe thy life, and spread thy light.

Hear, O hear, our supplication,
Heavenly Spirit, God of peace!
Rest upon this congregation,
Great distributer of grace!

Come, thou best of all donations,
God can give, or we implore!
Having thy sweet consolations,
We on earth can wish no more.

Author of our new creation,
Bid us all thine influence prove,
Make our souls thy habitation,
Shed abroad the Saviour's love.

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EPISTLE.

S. M.

Let party names no more
The Christian world o'erspread;
Gentile and Jew, and bond and free,
Are one in Christ their head.

Among the saints on earth,
Let mutual love be found;
Heirs of the same inheritance,
With mutual blessings crown'd.

Let envy and ill-will
Be banish'd far away;
And all in Christian bonds unite,
Who the same Lord obey.

Thus will the church below
Resemble that above;
Where no discordant sounds are heard,
But all is peace and love.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

Enthron'd on high, Almighty Lord,
Thy Holy Ghost send down;
Fulfil in us thy faithful word,
And all thy mercies crown.

Digitized by Google

Spirit of life, and light, and love,
Thy heavenly influence give,
Quicken our souls, born from above,
In Christ that we may live.

To our benighted minds reveal
The glories of his grace,
And bring us where no clouds conceal
The brightness of his face.

His love within us shed abroad,
Life's ever-springing well,
Till God in us, and we in God,
In love eternal dwell.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Dear Lord! and shall thy spirit rest
In such a wretched heart as mine?
Unworthy dwelling! glorious guest!
Favour astonishing, divine!

When sin prevails, and gloomy fear,
And hope almost expires in night,
Lord, can thy spirit then be here,
Great spring of comfort, life, and light!

Digitized by Google

Sure the blest Comforter is nigh!
'Tis he sustains my fainting heart;
Else would my hopes for ever die,
And every cheering ray depart.

When some kind promise glads my soul,
Do I not find his healing voice
The tempest of my fears controul,
And bid my drooping powers rejoice?

Whene'er to call the Saviour mine,
With ardent wish, my heart aspires;
Can it be less than power divine
Which animates these strong desires?

Let thy good spirit in my heart
For ever dwell, O God of love!
And light and heavenly peace impart
Sweet earnest of the joys above.

Whitsunday.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Thou spirit of the living God
By whose stupendous might,

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The beauties of this earthly globe
Rose out of ancient night.

In later times thou didst descend
Upon thy chosen band,
Enduing them with power and gifts,
To preach through every land.

And where the glorious gospel sounds
Thy grace is still made known;
And rebels, turn'd from sin to God,
Thy sovereign mercy own.

With richest blessings, O! our God,
Now on our souls descend,
And, with resistless energy,
Thy holy word attend!

And ever bless the sacred truths,
Thy servants here proclaim,
With gladness all thy people fill,
Thine enemies with shame.

EPISTLE.

8's—8's—6's.

When the blest day of Pentecost,
Was fully come, the Holy Ghost
Descended from above.

Digitized by Google

Sent by the Father and the Son,
(The sender and the sent are one,)
The Lord of life and love.

Within one house, with one accord,
The faithful servants of the Lord,
Waiting the promise, sit ;
That vested with supernal power,
They might be then, and not before,
To preach the gospel fit.

Sudden, a rushing wind they hear,
And fiery cloven tongues appear,
And sat on every one :
Cloven, perhaps, to be the sign
That God no longer would confine
His word to Jews alone.

And were the first disciples blest
With heavenly gifts ? and shall the rest
Be pass'd unheeded still ?
Thy breath of life, thy quick'ning flame,
Thy power, thy godhead still the same,
We own, because we feel.

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

C. M.

You now must hear my voice no more,
My Father calls me home;
But soon from heaven the Holy Ghost,
Your Comforter, shall come.

That heavenly teacher, sent from God,
Shall your whole soul inspire;
Your minds shall fill with sacred truth,
Your heart with sacred fire.

Peace is the gift I leave with you;
My peace to you bequeath;
Peace that shall comfort you through life,
And cheer your souls in death.

I give not as the world bestows,
With promise false and vain;
Nor cares, nor fears, shall wound the heart
In which my words remain.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Great was the day, the joy was great,
When the divine disciples met;

Digitized by Google

Whilst on their heads the Spirit came,
And sat like tongues of cloven flame.

What gifts, what miracles he gave!
And power to kill, and power to save!
Furnish'd their tongues with wonderous
words,
Instead of shields, and spears, and swords.

Thus arm'd, he sent the champions forth
From east to west, from south to north;
"Go, and assert your Saviour's cause;
Go, spread the mystery of his cross."

Nations, the learned and the rude,
Are by these heav'nly arms subdu'd;
While Satan rages at his loss,
And hates the doctrine of the cross.

Great King of Grace! my heart subdue;
I would be led in triumph too,
A willing captive to my Lord,
And sing the vict'ries of his word.

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Trinity Sunday.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

God is a name my soul adores;
Th' Almighty Three, th' Eternal One;
Nature and grace, with all their powers,
Confess the Infinite Unknown.

Material nature dies and grows;
From change to change the creatures run;
Thy being no succession knows,
And all thy vast designs are one.

Thrones and dominions round thee fall,
And worship in submissive forms;
Thy presence shakes the lower ball,
This little dwelling-place of worms.

How shall such sinful mortals dare
To scan thy glory, or thy grace;
Beneath thy feet we lie so far,
And see but shadows of thy face.

Digitized by Google

Who can behold the blazing light?
Who can approach consuming flame?
None but thy wisdom knows thy might;
None but thy word can speak thy name.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

SUPREME of beings, with delight
Our eyes survey this heav'nly sight;
And trace with admiration sweet
The beaming splendours of thy feet.

Jasper and sapphire strive in vain
To paint the glories of thy train;
Thy robes all stream eternal light,
Too powerful for a cherub's sight.

Yet round thy throne the rainbow shines,
Fair emblem of thy kind designs;
Bright pledge, that speaks thy covenant sure
Long as thy kingdom shall endure.

No more shall deluges of woe
Thy new-created world o'erflow;
Jesus, our sun, his beams displays,
And gilds the clouds with beauteous rays.

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GOSPEL.

8's—8's—6's.

With fiery serpents greatly pain'd,
When Israel's mourning tribes complain'd,
And sigh'd to be reliev'd,
A serpent straight the prophet made
Of molten brass, to view display'd,
The patients looked and lived.

But, Oh! what healing to the heart,
Doth Jesus' greater cross impart,
To those who seek a cure!
Israel of old, and we no less,
The same indulgent grace confess,
Whilst life and breath endure.

May we then view the matchless cross,
And other objects count but loss,
No other gain explore!
Here will we fix our wondering eyes,
Teeming with tears of great surprise,
With thankfulness adore!

Hail, great Emmanuel, balmy name!
Thy praise the healed will proclaim,
Thee, we physician call;

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We feel no other cure but thine,
Thou, the deliverer divine,
Our health, our life, our all.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

148th.

I GIVE immortal praise
To God the Father's love,
For all my comforts here,
And better hopes above;
He sent his own eternal Son
To die for sins that man had done.

To God the Son belongs
Immortal glory too,
Who bought us with his blood
From everlasting woe:
And now he lives, and now he reigns,
And sees the fruit of all his pains.

To God the Spirit's name
Immortal worship give,
Whose new-creating power
Makes the dead sinner live:

Digitized by Google

His work completes the great design,
And fills the soul with joy divine.

Almighty God! to thee
Be endless honours done,
The Undivided Three,
And the mysterious One:
Where reason fails with all her powers,
There faith prevails and love adores.

First Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

WHERE is my God? does he retire
Beyond the reach of humble sighs?
Are these weak breathings of desire
Too languid to ascend the skies?

No, Lord! the breathings of desire,
The weak petition, if sincere,
Is not forbidden to aspire,
But reaches thy all-gracious ear.

Digitized by Google

Look up, my soul, with cheerful eye,
See where the great Redeemer stands,—
The glorious Advocate on high,
With precious incense in his hand:

He sweetens every humble groan,
He recommends each broken prayer,
Recline thy hope on him alone,
Whose power and love forbid despair.

Teach my weak heart, O gracious Lord,
With stronger faith to call thee mine;
Bid me pronounce the blissful word,
My Father, God, with joy divine.

EPISTLE.

C. M.

How sweet, how heavenly is the sight,
When those who love the Lord,
In one another's peace delight,
And so fulfil his word.

O may we feel each brother's sigh,
And with him bear a part;
May sorrow flow from eye to eye,
And joy from heart to heart.

Digitized by Google

Let love in one delightful stream
Through every bosom flow,
And union strong, and kind esteem,
In every action glow.

Love is the golden chain that binds
The happy souls above;
And he's an heir of heaven, that finds
His bosom glow with love.

GOSPEL.

148th.

A WORLDING spent each day
In luxury and state;
While a believer lay
A beggar at his gate.
Think not the Lord's appointment strange,
Death made a great and lasting change.

Death brought the saint release
From want, disease, and scorn;
And to the land of peace,
His soul by angels borne,
In Abraham's bosom safely placed,
Enjoys an everlasting rest.

Digitized by Google

The rich man also died,
And in a moment fell
From all his pomp and pride,
Into the flames of hell:
The beggar's bliss from far beheld,
His soul with double anguish fill'd.

Neglected, at the door,
The poor man begg'd for bread,
But now he weeps no more,
His griefs and pains are fled;
His joys eternally will flow,
The rich man's sink in endless woe.

Lord, make us truly wise,
To chuse thy people's lot,
And earthly joys despise,
Which soon will be forgot:
The greatest evil we can fear,
Is to possess our portion here.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

7's.

Lord! there is a throne of grace,
There we now would seek thy face;

Digitized by Google

Thou wilt hear the humblest prayer
Of the soul that seek thee there.

Though our language simple be,
Words are nothing, Lord, with thee;
To the broken contrite heart,
Thou will joy and peace impart.

Saviour, for us intercede,
While the promises we plead,
And while we the blessings gain,
Thine the glory shall remain.

Second Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

P. M.

MIGHTY GOD! while angels bless thee,
May a mortal praise thy name?
Lord of men as well as angels,
Thou art every creature's theme,
Hallelujah!
Hallelujah, Hallelujah, Amen!

Digitized by Google

Lord of every land and nation,
Ancient of eternal days!
Sounded through the wide creation
Be thy just and lawful praise.
Hallelujah!

For the grandeur of thy nature,
Grand beyond a seraph's thought;
For created works of power—
Works with skill and kindness wrought:
Hallelujah!

But thy rich, thy free redemption,
Dark through brightness all along;
Thought is poor, and poor expression,
Who dare sing that awful song.
Hallelujah!

Brightness of the Father's glory,
Shall thy praise unutter'd lie?
Fly my tongue, such guilty silence!
Sing the Lord who came to die.
Hallelujah!

From the highest throne in glory,
To the cross in deepest woe;
All to ransom guilty captives:
Flow my praise, for ever flow.
Hallelujah!

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

L. M.

LORD, when my thoughts delighted rove,
Amid the wonders of thy love,
The view revives my drooping heart,
And bids invading fears depart.

Guilty and weak, to thee I fly,
On thy atoning blood rely,
And on thy righteousness depend:
My Lord, my Saviour, and my friend.

Be all my heart, be all my days,
Devoted to thy single praise;
And let my glad obedience prove
How much I owe, how much I love.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

THE King of heav'n his table spreads,
And dainties crown the board;
Not paradise with all its joys
Could such delight afford.

Digitized by Google

Pardon and peace to dying men,
And endless life are given,
And the rich blood that Jesus shed
To raise the soul to heaven.

Ye hungry poor, that long have stray'd
In sin's dark mazes, come;
Come from the hedges and highways,
And grace shall find you room.

Millions of souls in glory now
Were fed and feasted here;
And millions more, still on the way,
Around the board appear.

All things are ready; come away,
Nor weak excuses frame;
Crowd to your places at the feast,
And bless your Saviour's name.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

My blessed Saviour, is thy love
So great, so full, so free?
Behold, I give my love, my heart,
My life, my all to thee.

Digitized by Google

I love thee for thy glorious worth
In thy great Self I see:
I love thee for that shameful cross
Thou hast endured for me.

No man of greater love can boast,
Than for his friend to die;
But for thine enemies thou wast slain;
What love with thine can vie?

O Lord, I'll treasure in my soul
The memory of my love;
And thy dear name shall still to me
A grateful odour prove.

Third Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

P. M.

JESUS, my strength, my hope,
On thee I cast my care;
With humble confidence look up,
And know thou hear'st my prayer.

Digitized by Google

Give me on thee to wait,
Till I can all things do;
On thee, almighty to create,
Almighty to renew.

I want a godly fear,
A quick-discerning eye,
That looks to thee when sin is near,
And sees the tempter fly;

A spirit still prepared,
And arm'd with jealous care;
For ever standing on its guard,
And watching unto prayer.

A soul inured to pain,
To hardship, grief, and loss;
Bold to take up, firm to sustain,
The consecrated cross.

I rest upon thy word,
The promise is for me;
My succour and salvation, Lord,
Shall surely come from thee.

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

Lord, if thou thy grace impart—
Poor in spirit, meek in heart,
I shall as my Saviour be
Clothed with humility.

From the time that thee I know,
Nothing would I seek below,
Aim at nothing great or high,
Lowly both in heart and eye.

Simple, teachable, and mild,
Changed into a little child;
Pleased with all the Lord provides,
Weaned from all the world besides.

Father, fix my soul on thee;
Every evil let me flee;
Nothing want, beneath—above,
Happy in redeeming love.

O! that all may seek and find
Every good in Jesus joined!
Him let Israel still adore;
Trust him, praise him evermore!

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

L. M.

Who can describe the joys that rise
Through all the courts of paradise,
To see a prodigal return,
To see an heir of glory born?

With joy the Father doth approve
The fruit of his eternal love;
The Son with joy looks down and sees
The purchase of his agonies.

The Spirit takes delight to view
The holy soul he form'd anew;
And saints and angels join to sing
The growing empire of their King.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

P. M.

Come, escape from the tempest of life;
From the world to the desert retire:
Quit this region of tumult and strife,
To rekindle the heavenly fire.

Digitized by Google

Poor pilgrim, thy strength must be sought
In the heart-breathing accents of prayer:
In public the battle be fought,
But in secret the weapon prepare.

O rest from thy labours awhile;
Go alone, on the mount, with thy Lord;
Go, bask in the beam of his smile,
And feed on the wealth of his word.

MORNING THOUGHTS.

Fourth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

8's.

PEACE, doubting heart, my God's I am;
Who form'd me, he forbids me fear:
The Lord hath call'd me by his name,
The Lord protects, for ever near:
His blood for me did once atone,
He will defend and guard his own.

Still nigh me, O my Saviour, stand,
And guard in fierce temptation's hour;

Digitized by Google

Hide in the hollow of thine hand,
Shew forth in me thy saving power;
Still be thine arm my sure defence,
Nor earth, nor hell shall pluck me thence.

In suffering, be thy care my peace,
In weakness, be thy strength my power,
And when the storms of life shall cease,
Jesus, in that important hour,
In death, as life, be thou my guide,
And save me, who for me hast died.

EPISTLE.

C. M.

KIND are the words that Jesus speaks
To cheer the drooping saint;
"My grace sufficient is for you,
Though nature's powers may faint.

"My grace its glories shall display,
And make your griefs remove,
Your weakness shall the triumphs tell
Of boundless power and love."

What, though my griefs are not removed,
Yet why should I despair?

Digitized by Google

While "everlasting arms" support,
I can the burden bear.

Jesus, my Saviour and my Lord!
'Tis good to trust thy name;
Thy power, thy faithfulness, and love,
Will ever be the same.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

O Lord, my Saviour and my king,
Of all I have, or hope, the spring!
Send down thy Spirit from above,
And warm my heart with holy love.

May I from every act abstain,
That hurts or gives my brother pain:
May every secret wish suppress,
That would abridge his happiness.

With pity let my breast o'erflow
When I behold a brother's woe;
And bear a sympathetic part,
Whene'er I meet a wounded heart.

Let love through all my conduct shine
An image fair, though faint, of thine!

Digitized by Google

And thus may I thy follower prove,
Great Prince of Peace! great God of love!

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

THE God of nature and of grace,
In all his works appears;
His goodness through the earth we trace,
His grandeur in the spheres.

Behold this fair and fertile globe,
By him in wisdom plann'd;
'Twas he who girded, like a robe,
The ocean round the land.

Lift to the arch of heaven your eye;
Thither his path pursue;
His glory, boundless as the sky,
O'erwhelms the wondering view.

How excellent, O Lord, thy name,
In all creation's lines!
Spread through eternity, thy fame
With rising lustre shines.

Digitized by Google

Can none behold thy face, and live?
Yea, sinners may draw near:
The Lord is kind, and will forgive,
His love shall cast out fear.

Millions amidst his presence stand,
Who feel, while they adore,
Fulness of joy, at his right hand,
And pleasures evermore.

MONTGOMERY.

Fifth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

8's—7's.

HEAR what God, the Lord, hath spoken,
"O my people, faint and few,
Comfortless, afflicted, broken,
Fair abodes I build for you.

"Thorns of heart-felt tribulation
Shall no more perplex your ways;
You shall name your walls, salvation,
And your gates shall all be praise.

Digitized by Google

" Still, in undisturb'd possession,
Peace and righteousness shall reign ;
Never shall you feel oppression,
Hear the voice of war again.

" Ye, no more your suns descending,
Waning moons no more shall see ;
But your griefs for ever ending
Find eternal noon in me :

" God shall rise, and shining o'er you,
Change to day the gloom of night ;
He, the Lord, shall be your glory,
God your everlasting light."

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Jesus; my Saviour, let me be
More perfectly conform'd to thee ;
Implant each grace, each sin dethrone,
And form my temper like thine own.

Let the envenom'd heart and tongue,
The hand outstretch'd to do me wrong,
Excite no feelings in my breast,
But such as Jesus once express'd.

Digitized by Google

To others let me always give,
What I from others would receive;
Good deeds for evil ones return,
Nor, when provoked, with anger burn.

This will proclaim how bright and fair
The precepts of the gospel are,
And God himself, the God of love,
His own resemblance will approve.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

When Peter, through the tedious night,
Had often cast his net in vain,
Soon as the Lord appear'd in sight,
He gladly let it down again.

Once more the gospel net is cast,
Do thou, O Lord, the effort own;
We learn from disappointments past,
To rest our hopes on thee alone.

May this be a much-favoured hour,
To souls in Satan's bondage led;
O clothe thy word with sovereign pow'r,
To break the rocks, and raise the dead.

Digitized by Google

Have mercy on our numerous youth,
Who, young in years, are old in sin,
And by thy Spirit and thy truth,
Shew them the state their souls are in.

Then by a Saviour's dying love,
To every wounded heart reveal'd,
Temptations, fears, and guilt remove,
And be their sun, and strength, and shield.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

The God of truth his church has bless'd,
And lov'd with an eternal love,
Hence we are drawn to Christ our rest,
And from his grace shall ne'er remove.

The heavens and earth shall pass away,
And be to disolution brought;
But Zion's strength shall ne'er decay,
For her Redeemer changeth not.

This love in every trying hour,
O Lord, will cheer the trembling saint;
O draw us with increasing power,
That we may run, and never faint.

Digitized by Google

Here would I dwell, and ne'er remove;
Here I am safe from all alarms;
My rest is "everlasting love,"
My refuge, "everlasting arms."

Sixth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

8's.

WHAT must it be to dwell above
At God's right hand where Jesus reigns,
Since the sweet earnest of his love
O'erwhelms us on the dreary plains;
No heart can think, no tongue explain,
What bliss it is with Christ to reign.

When sin no more obstructs our sight,
When sorrow pains our heart no more,
How shall we view the Prince of Light,
And all his works of grace explore!
What heights and depths of love divine
Will there through endless ages shine!

Digitized by Google

This is the heaven I long to know ;
For this with patience, I would wait,
Till, weaned from earth, and all below,
I mount to my celestial seat,
And wave my palm, and wear my crown,
And, with the elders, cast them down.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Do we not know that solemn word,
That we are buried with the Lord—
Baptiz'd into his death—and then
Put off the body of our sin ?

Our souls receive diviner breath,
Rais'd from corruption, guilt, and death ;
So from the grave did Christ arise,
And live to God above the skies.

No more let sin or Satan reign
Over our mortal flesh again :
The various lusts we served before,
Shall have dominion now no more.

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

C. M.

HAIL! everlasting Prince of Peace!
Hail! Governor divine!
How gracious is thy sceptre's sway!
What gentle laws are thine.

His tender heart with love o'erflow'd,
Love spoke in ev'ry breath,
Vig'rous it reign'd through all his life,
And triumph'd in his death.

All these united charms he shews,
Our frozen hearts to move;
This proof of love from him demands,
That we each other love.

Oh! be the sacred law fulfilled
In every act and thought;
Each angry passion far remov'd,
Each selfish view forgot.

Be thou, my heart, dilated wide
By thy Redeemer's grace;
And in one grasp of fervent love,
Both earth and heaven embrace.

Digitized by Google

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

FAR from these narrow scenes of night
Unbounded glories rise ;
And realms of infinite delight,
Unknown to mortal eyes.

Fair distant land ! could mortal eyes
But half its joys explore ;
How would our spirits long to raise,
And dwell on earth no more !

No cloud those blissful regions know,
For ever bright and fair !
For sin, the source of mortal woe,
Can never enter there.

There no alternate night is known,
Nor sun's faint sickly ray,
But glory from the sacred throne
Spreads everlasting day.

O may the heavenly prospect fire
Our hearts with ardent love,
Till wings of faith and strong desire
Bear every thought above.

Digitized by Google

Seventh Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Be with me, Lord, where'er I go,
Teach me what thou would'st have me do,
Suggest whate'er I think or say,
Direct me in thy narrow way.

Prevent me, lest I harbour pride,
Lest I in my own strength confide;
Shew me my weakness, let me see
I have my power, my all from thee.

Enrich me alway with thy love;
My kind protection ever prove;
Thy signet put upon my breast,
And let thy Spirit on me rest.

Assist and teach me how to pray;
Incline my nature to obey;
What thou abhorr'st, that let me flee,
And only love what pleases thee.

Digitized by Google

O may I never do my will,
But thine, and only thine, fulfil;
Let all my time and all my ways
Be spent and ended to thy praise.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

Arise, my soul, shake off thy fears,
And gird thy gospel-armour on;
March to the gates of endless joy,
Where thy victorious Saviour's gone.

Hell and thy sins resist thy course
But hell and sin are vanquish'd foes;
Thy Jesus nail'd them to his cross,
And shew'd his triumph when he rose.

What though thine inward lust rebel,
'Tis but a struggling grasp for life;
The weapons of victorious grace
Shall slay thy sins, and end the strife.

Then let my soul march boldly on,
Press forward to the heavenly gate;
There peace and joy eternal reign,
And robes of light for conquerors wait.

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

C. M.

When the disciples cross'd the lake
With but one loaf on board,
How strangely did their hearts mistake
The caution of their Lord!

"The leaven of the Pharisees
Beware!" the Saviour said;
They thought, it is because he sees
We have forgotten bread.

It seems they had forgotten too
What their own eyes had view'd;
How with what scarce sufficed for few,
He fed a multitude.

If seven small loaves, by his command,
Could many thousands serve;
Might they not trust his gracious hand,
That they should never starve?

They oft his pow'r and love had known,
And doubtless were to blame;
But we have reason good to own
That we are just the same.

Digitized by Google

How often has he brought relief
And every want supplied ;
Yet soon, again, our unbelief
Says, " Can the Lord provide ?"

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

How rich thy favours, God of grace !
How various and divine !
Full as the ocean they are pour'd,
And bright as heaven they shine.

He to eternal glory calls,
And leads the wondrous way
To his own palace, where he reigns
In uncreated day.

Jesus, the herald of his love
Displays the radiant prize,
And shows the purchase of his blood
To our admiring eyes.

He perfects what his hand begins,
And stone on stone he lays,
Till firm and fair the building rise
A temple to his praise.

Digitized by Google

The songs of everlasting years
That mercy shall attend
Which leads, through sufferings of an hour,
To joys that never end.

Eighth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING PRAYER.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Jesus, the spring of joys divine,
Whence all our hopes and comfort flow,
Jesus, no other name but thine
Can save us from eternal woe.

In vain would boasting reason find
The way to happiness and God;
Her weak directions leave the mind
Bewilder'd in a dubious road.

No other name will heaven approve;
Thou art the true, the living way,
Ordain'd by everlasting love,
From the bright realms of endless day.

Digitized by Google

Here let our constant feet abide,
  Nor from the heavenly path depart ;
O let thy Spirit, gracious Guide !
  Direct our steps and cheer our heart.

Safe lead us through this world of night,
  And bring us to the blissful plains,—
The regions of unclouded light,
  Where perfect joy for ever reigns.

EPISTLE.

C. M.

HARK ! for 'tis God's own Son that calls
  To life and liberty ;
Transported fall before his feet,
  Who makes the pris'ners free.

The cursed bonds of sin he breaks,
  And breaks off Satan's chain ;
And deals those gracious pardons round
  Which free from endless pain.

Into the captive heart he pours
  His Spirit from on high ;
We lose the terrors of the slave,
  And Abba, Father, cry.

Digitized by Google

Shake off your bonds, and sing his grace,
The sinner's friend proclaim;
And call on all around to seek
True freedom by his name.

Walk on at large, till you attain
Your Father's house above!
There shall you wear immortal crowns,
And sing redeeming love.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

The Lord into his vineyard comes
Our various fruit to see;
His eye, more piercing than the light,
Examines every tree.

Tremble, ye sinners, at his frown,
If barren still ye stand;
And fear that keenly-wounding axe
Which arms his awful hand.

Close to the root behold it laid,
To make destruction sure:
Who can resist the mighty stroke?
Or who the fire endure?

Digitized by Google

Succeeding years thy patience waits;
Nor let it wait in vain,
But form in us abundant fruit,
And still this fruit maintain.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Beset with snares on every hand,
In life's uncertain path I stand;
Saviour divine! diffuse thy light,
To guide my doubtful footsteps right.

Engage this roving treacherous heart,
O Lord, to choose the better part;
To scorn the trifles of a day
For joys that none can take away.

Then let the wildest storms arise,
Let tempests mingle earth and skies;
No fatal ruin shall I fear,
But all my treasures with me bear.

If thou, my Jesus, still be nigh,
Cheerful I live and joyful die;
Secure when mortal comforts flee,
To find ten thousand worlds in thee.

Digitized by Google

Ninth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

WHY sinks my weak desponding mind?
Why heaves my heart the anxious sigh?
Can sovereign goodness be unkind?
Am I not safe, if God is nigh?

He holds all nature in his hand—
That gracious hand by which I live
Does life, and time, and death command,
And has immortal joys to give.

'Tis he supports this mortal frame,
On him alone my hopes recline;
The wondrous glories of his name,
How wide they spread, how bright they shine!

Infinite wisdom! boundless power!
Unchanging faithfulness and love!
Here let me trust, while I adore,
Nor from my refuge e'er remove.

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

C. M.

When Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, though 'twas a barren land,
A sure resource in God.

A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,
And screen'd them from the heat;
From the hard rocks the waters flowed,
And manna was their meat.

Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers;
Like them we pass a desert too,
But Israel's God is ours.

His word a light before us spreads,
By which our way we see;
His love, a banner o'er our heads,
From harm preserves us free.

Jesus himself becomes our food,
Our living wine and bread;
And blest with every needful good,
His joy anoints our head.

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

8's.

A DEBTOR to mercy alone,
Of covenant mercy I sing;
Nor fear, with thy righteousness on,
My person and off'rings to bring.

The terrors of law, and of God,
With me can have nothing to do;
My Saviour's obedience and blood
Hide all my transgressions from view.

The work, which his goodness began,
The arm of his strength will complete;
His promise is "Yea and Amen,"
And never was forfeited yet.

Things future, nor things that are now,
Not all things below nor above,
Can make him his purpose forego,
Or sever my soul from his love.

Digitized by Google

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

I'm in a world of hopes and fears,
A wilderness of toils and tears,
Where foes alarm, and dangers threat,
And pleasure kills, and glories cheat.

Shed down, O Lord! a heavenly ray
To guide me in the doubtful way;
And o'er me hold thy shield of power
To guard me in the dangerous hour.

Each sacred principle impart;
The faith, that sanctifies the heart;
Hope, that to heaven's high vault aspires,
And love, that warms with holy fires.

Whate'er is noble, pure, refin'd,
Just, generous, amiable, and kind,
That may my constant thought pursue,
That may I love and practise too.

Let neither pleasure, wealth, nor pride,
Allure my wand'ring soul aside;
But, through this maze of mortal ill,
Safe lead me to thy heavenly hill.

Digitized by Google

Tenth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

PRAYER was appointed to convey
The blessings God designs to give;
Long as they live should Christians pray,
For only while they pray they live.

And shall we in dead silence lie,
When Christ in mercy hears our prayer?
My soul, thou hast a friend on high,
Arise, and try thy int'rest there.

If pain afflict, or wrongs oppress,
If cares distract, or fears dismay,
If guilt deject, or sin distress,
The remedy 's before thee—pray.

Depend on Christ, thou canst not fail;
Make all thy wants and wishes known;
Fear not, his merits must prevail;
Ask as thou ought, it will be done.

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EPISTLE.

112th.

ETERNAL Spirit! Source of light!
Enliv'ning, consecrating fire,
Descend, and with celestial heat
Our dull, our frozen hearts inspire:
Our souls refine, our dross consume;
Come, condescending Spirit! come.

In our cold breasts, O strike a spark
Of the pure flame that seraphs feel;
Nor let us wander in the dark,
Or lie benumb'd and stupid still:
Come, vivifying Spirit! come,
And make our hearts thy constant home.

Let pure devotion's fervors rise!
Let every pious passion glow!
O, let the raptures of the skies
Kindle in our cold hearts below!
Come, thou Almighty Spirit, come,
And make our souls thy constant home.

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GOSPEL.

L. M.

Lo! what an awful sight appears!
The Son of God dissolv'd in tears!
Trace, O my soul, with sad surprise,
The sorrows of a Saviour's eyes.

For whom, blest Jesus, we would know,
Doth such a sacred torrent flow?
What brother, or what friend of thine,
Is grac'd and mourn'd with drops divine?

Nor brother there, nor friend I see,
But sons of pride and cruelty;
Who, like rapacious tigers stood,
Insatiate panting for thy blood.

Dear Lord, and did thy gushing eyes
Thus stream o'er dying enemies?
And can thy tenderness forget
The sinner humbled at thy feet?

With deep remorse our bowels move,
That we have wrong'd such matchless love;
Thy gentle pity, Lord, display,
And smile these trembling fears away.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

PRAYER is the soul's sincere desire,
  Utter'd or unexpress'd,
The motion of a hidden fire,
  That trembles in the breast.

Prayer is the burden of a sigh,
  The falling of a tear;
The upward glancing of an eye,
  When none but God is near.

Prayer is the contrite sinner's voice,
  Returning from his ways;
While angels in their songs rejoice,
  And cry, "Behold, he prays!"

Prayer is the Christian's vital breath,
  The Christian's native air;
His watchword at the gates of death,
  He enters heaven with prayer.

Nor prayer is made on earth alone;
  The Holy Spirit pleads;
And Jesus, on th' eternal throne,
  For mourners intercedes.

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O thou, by whom we come to God,
The life, the truth, the way;
The path of prayer thyself hast trod:
Lord, teach us how to pray!

MONTGOMERY.

Eleventh Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

8's—7's.

We'll proclaim the wondrous story
Of the mercies we receive,
From the day-spring's dawning glory,
Till the fading hour of eve.

All the blessings heaven is lending
We'll extol in grateful lays,
To his radiant throne ascending,
Wafted on the wings of praise.

In exalted rapture joining,
We'll employ our happy days;
All our grateful hearts combining,
To declare God's endless praise.

HANDEL.

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EPISTLE.

L. M.

OPPRESS'D with unbelief and sin,
Fightings without, and fears within ;
While earth and hell, with force combin'd,
Assault, and terrify my mind ;

Thus sorely prest, I sought the Lord,
To give me some sweet cheering word ;
Again I sought, and yet again ;
I waited long, but not in vain.

Oh ! 'twas a cheering word, indeed !
Exactly suited to my need ;
" Sufficient for thee is my grace,
Thy weakness my great power displays."

Now I despond and mourn no more,
I welcome all I fear'd before ;
Though weak, I'm strong—though troubled, blest—
For Christ's own pow'r shall on me rest.

My grace would soon exhausted be,
But his is boundless as the sea ;
Then let me boast, with holy Paul,
That I am nothing, Christ is all.

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GOSPEL.

L. M.

Behold how sinners disagree,
The publican and pharisee!
One does his righteousness proclaim,
The other owns his guilt and shame.

This man at humble distance stands,
And cries for grace with lifted hands;
That boldly rises near the throne,
And talks of duties he has done.

The Lord their different language knows,
And different answers he bestows;
The humble soul with grace he crowns,
Whilst on the proud his anger frowns.

Dear Father! let me never be
Join'd with the boasting Pharisee;
I have no merits of my own,
But plead the sufferings of thy Son.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

For mercies, countless as the sands,
  Which daily I receive
From Jesus my Redeemer's hands,
  My soul, what canst thou give?

Alas! from such a heart as mine
  What can I bring him forth?
My best is stain'd and dyed with sin,
  My all is nothing worth.

Yet this acknowledgement I'll make
  For all he has bestow'd;
Salvation's sacred cup I'll take,
  And call upon my God.

The best return for one like me,
  So wretched and so poor,
Is from his gifts to draw a plea,
  And ask him still for more.

I cannot serve him as I ought,
  No works have I to boast;
Yet will I glory in the thought
  That I shall owe him most.

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Twelfth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT. C. M.

LORD of the Sabbath! hear us pray,
In this thy house, on this thy day;
Accept as grateful sacrifice,
The songs which from thy temple rise.

Now met to pray, and bless thy name,
Whose mercies flow each day the same,
Whose kind compassions never cease;
We seek instruction, pardon, peace.

Thine earthly Sabbath, Lord, we love,
But there's a nobler rest above;
O that we might that rest attain
From sin, from sorrow, and from pain!

In thy blest kingdom we shall be
From every mortal trouble free;
No sighs shall mingle with the songs
Resounding from immortal tongues.

No rude alarms of raging foes,
No cares to break the long repose;
No midnight shade, no clouded sun,
But sacred, high, eternal noon.

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O, long-expected day begin!
Dawn on this world of woe and sin:
Fain would we leave this weary road,
To sleep in death, and rest in God.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

With humble pleasure, Lord, we trace
The ancient records of thy grace;
And our own consolation draw
From what thy servant Moses saw.

May we behold thy glory shine
With gentle beams of love divine;
And hear thy secret voice proclaim
The various wonders of thy name.

If feeble nature faint to endure
A voice so sweet, a ray so pure,
It's dissolution would delight,
While death would wear a form so bright.

Death shall unveil that world above,
Where the dear children of thy love,
Attemper'd all to heavenly day,
Bear, and reflect th' immediate ray.

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

L. M.

Jesus descends; let men adore
The wonders of his healing power;
Before him all diseases fly,
And devils dread his majesty.

Th' obstructed paths of sound he clears,
New music charms the op'ning ears;
The dumb their loosen'd tongues employ
In strains of harmony and joy.

Dear Jesus, may thy sacred light
Dispel the gloom of nature's night;
Unfold my ear to hear thy voice,
And make my heart in thee rejoice.

Unloose my tongue to sing thy praise,
And talk of thy redeeming grace;
My feeble powers with strength supply,
And guide me to the realms on high.

Let a diseased sinner prove
The power of thy all-healing love;
That I for ever may proclaim
The honours of thy glorious name.

Digitized by Google

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

While thee I seek, protecting power!
Be my vain wishes still'd;
And may this consecrated hour
With better hopes be fill'd.

Thy love the powers of thought bestow'd;
To thee my thoughts would soar:
Thy mercy o'er my life has flow'd:—
That mercy I adore!

In each event of life, how clear
Thy ruling hand I see!
Each blessing to my soul more dear,
Because conferr'd by thee.

In every joy that crowns my days,
In every pain I bear,
My heart shall find delight in praise,
Or seek relief in prayer.

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Thirteenth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

My soul to God, its source, aspires!
Come Lord, and fill my vast desires!
Be thou my portion, here I rest,
Since of my utmost wish possess'd.

O! let thy sacred word impart
Its holy influence to my heart;
With power, and light, and love divine,
Assure my soul that thou art mine.

Thy gracious word, with joy replete,
Shall bid my gloomy fears retreat;
And heaven-born hope, serenely bright,
Shine cheerful through this mortal night.

Then shall my joyful spirit rise
On wings of faith above the skies;
And when these transient scenes are o'er,
And this vain world shall tempt no more,

O! may I reach those blissful plains,
Where thy unclouded glory reigns,
And dwell for ever near thy throne,
In joys to mortal thought unknown.

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EPISTLE.

C. M.

How large the promise! how divine,
To Abr'am and his seed!
I'll be a God to thee and thine,
Supplying all their need.

The words of his extensive love
From age to age endure;
The angel of the covenant proves,
And seals the blessing sure.

Our God, how faithful are his ways!
His love endures the same;
Nor from the promise of his grace
Blots out the Gentile's name.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

How kind the good Samaritan
To him who fell among the thieves!
Thus Jesus pities fallen man,
And heals the wounds the soul receives.

'Twas he, whose name had been my scorn,
(As Jews Samaritans despise,)
Came when he saw me thus forlorn,
With love and pity in his eyes.

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Thus saved from death, from want secured,
I wait till he again shall come,
When I shall be completely cured,
And take me to his heav'nly home.

There, through eternal boundless days,
When nature's wheel no longer rolls,
How shall I love, adore, and praise
This good Samaritan to souls!

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

Am I an Israelite indeed,
Without a false disguise?
Have I renounced my sins, and left
My refuges of lies?

Say, does my heart unchang'd remain,
Or is it form'd anew?
What is the rule by which I walk,
The object I pursue?

Cause me, O God of truth and grace,
My real state to know!
If I am wrong, O set me right!
If right, preserve me so!

Digitized by Google

Fourteenth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

HAPPY the men, whose bliss supreme
  Flows from a source on high,
And flows in one perpetual stream
  When earthly springs are dry!

Contentment makes their little more,
  And sweetens good possest;
While faith foretastes the joys in store,
  And makes them doubly blest.

If Providence their comforts shroud,
  And dark distresses lour;
Hope paints its rainbow on the cloud,
  And grace shines through the shower.

What troubles can their hearts o'erwhelm
  Who view a Saviour near?
Whose Father sits and guides the helm;
  Whose voice forbids their fear?

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Let tempests rage and billows rise,
  And mortal firmness shrink;
Their anchor fastens in the skies,
  Their bark no storm can sink!

EPISTLE.

C. M.

WHAT different powers of grace and sin
  Attend our mortal state;
I hate the thoughts that work within,
  And do the works I hate.

Now I complain, and groan, and die,
  While sin and Satan reign;
Now raise my songs of triumph high,
  For grace prevails again.

Thus will the flesh and spirit strive,
  And vex and break my peace;
But I shall quit this mortal life,
  And sin for ever cease.

O Lord, assist me through the fight,
  My drooping spirit raise;
Make me triumphant in thy might,
  And thine shall be the praise.

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GOSPEL.

C. M.

Oft as the leper's case I read,
My own describ'd I feel;
Sin is a leprosy indeed,
Which none but Christ can heal.

Awhile I would have pass'd for well,
And strove my spots to hide,
Till it broke out incurable,
Too plain to be denied.

While thus I lay distress'd, I saw
The Saviour passing by;
To him, tho' fill'd with shame and awe,
I raised my mournful cry.

Lord, thou canst heal me if thou wilt,
For thou canst all things do;
O cleanse my leprous soul from guilt,
My filthy heart renew!

He heard, and with a gracious look
Pronounc'd the healing word;
"I will:—be clean!" and while he spoke,
I felt my health restored.

Digitized by Google

Come, lepers, seize the present hour,
The Saviour's grace to prove;
He *can* relieve, for he is pow'r;
He *will*, for he is love.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

AWAKE, my zeal, awake, my love,
To serve my Saviour here below,
In works which all the saints above,
And holy angels cannot do.

Awake, my charity, and feed
The hungry soul, and clothe the poor;
In heaven are found no sons of need;
There all these duties are no more.

Subdue thy passions, O my soul!
Maintain the fight, thy work pursue,
Daily thy rising sins control,
And be thy vict'ries ever new.

Let every flying hour confess
I gain thy gospel fresh renown;
And when my life and labours cease,
May I possess the promis'd crown!

Digitized by Google

Fifteenth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

GREAT Lord of all thy churches, hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer;
Perfum'd by thee, O may it rise,
Like fragrant incense, to the skies!

May every pastor from above
Be now inspir'd with zeal and love,
To watch thy folds, to feed thy sheep,
And his own heart with care to keep.

Revive thy churches with thy grace,
Heal all our breaches, grant us peace;
Rouse us from sloth, our hearts inflame
With ardent zeal for Jesus' name.

May young and old thy word receive,
Dead sinners hear thy voice and live;
The wounded conscience healing find,
And joy refresh each drooping mind.

Digitized by Google

Thus we our suppliant voices raise,
And weeping sow the seeds of praise,
In humble hope that thou wilt hear
Thy ministers' and people's prayer.

EPISTLE.

112th.

REDEEMER! whither should I flee,
Or how escape the wrath to come?
The weary sinner flies to thee,
For shelter from impending doom:
Smile on me, gracious Lord, and shew
Thyself the friend of sinners now!

Beneath the shadow of thy cross
The heavy-laden soul finds rest;
I would esteem the world but dross
So I might be of Christ possess'd!
I'd seek my every joy in thee,
For thou art life and light to me.

Close to the ignominious tree,
Jesus! my humble soul would cleave!
Despis'd and crucified with thee,
With thee resolve to die and live;
This prayer and this ambition mine,
Living and dying to be thine.

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GOSPEL.

7's.

If to Jesus for relief
My soul has fled by prayer,
Why should I give way to grief,
Or heart-consuming care?

Are not all things in his hand?
Has he not his promise past?
Will he then regardless stand,
And let me sink at last?

While I know his providence
Disposes each event,
Shall I judge by feeble sense,
And yield to discontent?

If he worms and sparrows feed,
Clothe the grass in rich array,
Can he see a child in need,
And turn his eye away?

If he shed his precious blood
To bring me to his fold,
Can I think that meaner good
He ever will withhold?

Digitized by Google

Satan, vain is thy device!
Here my hope rests well assur'd,
In that great redemption price
I see the whole secured.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

ARM of the Lord, awake, awake!
Thine own immortal strength put on!
With terror clothed, sin's kingdom shake
And cast thy foes with fury down!

As in the ancient days appear!
The sacred annals speak thy fame:
Let thine omnipotence be near,
To endless ages still the same.

By death and sin pursued in vain,
To thee the ransom'd seed shall come;
Shouting, their heavenly Zion gain,
And pass through death triumphant home.

Digitized by Google

Sixteenth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Let Zion from the dust arise,
And in her brightest beauty shine;
Jesus, descending from the skies,
Shall fill his church with joys divine.

In gloomy darkness long she lay,
Deprest with cares and griefs unknown;
But now, behold a glorious day
Of gospel light begins to dawn.

Darkness involves the nations round,
Gross darkness veils the sinners' eyes;
But ye, who dwell in Salem's ground,
Behold the sacred light arise!

On you his glory shall be seen;
Your love, your zeal, and pious care
Shall witness to the sons of men
That God, with all his grace, is here.

Digitized by Google

Sinners shall flock to Zion's gate,
And know the gospel's joyful sound,
Peace shall confirm your happy state,
And truth and holiness abound.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

COME, dearest Lord, descend and dwell
By faith and love in every breast;
Then shall we know, and taste, and feel
The joys that cannot be express'd.

Come, fill our hearts with inward strength;
Make our enlarged souls possess,
And learn the height, and breadth, and length
Of thine unmeasurable grace.

Now to the God, whose power can do
More than our thoughts or wishes know,
Be everlasting honours done
By all the Church, through Christ, his Son.

GOSPEL.

P. M.

Wake not, O mother! sound of lamentation!
Weep not, O widow! weep not hopelessly!

Digitized by Google

Strong is his arm, the bringer of salvation ;
Strong is the word of God to succour thee !

Bear forth the cold corpse, slowly, slowly bear him ;
Hide his pale features with the sable pall ;
Chide not the sad one wildly weeping near him,
Widow'd and childless, she has lost her all !

Why pause the mourners ? who forbids our weeping ?
Who the dark pomp of sorrow has delay'd ?
" Set down the bier,—he is not dead, but sleeping ;
Young man, arise !"—he spake, and was obey'd.

Change, then, O sad one ! grief to exultation ;
Worship and fall before Messiah's knee.
Strong was his arm, the bringer of salvation ;
Strong was the work of God to succour thee.

BP. HEBER.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

HAPPY the church, thou sacred place,
The seat of thy Creator's grace;
Thy holy courts are his abode,
Thou earthly palace of our God!

Thy walls are strength, and at thy gate
A guard of heavenly warriors wait;
Nor shall thy deep foundations move,
Fix'd on his counsels and his love.

Thy foes in vain designs engage;
Against his throne in vain they rage;
Like rising waves, with angry roar,
That dash and die upon the shore.

Then let our souls in Zion dwell,
Nor fear the wrath of men and hell;
His arms embrace this happy ground,
Like brazen bulwarks built around.

God is our shield, and God our sun;
Swift as the fleeting moments run,
On us he sheds new beams of grace,
And we reflect his brightest praise.

Digitized by Google

Seventeenth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

THE Lord receives his highest praise
From humble minds and hearts sincere,
While all the loud professor says,
Offends the righteous Judge's ear.

To walk as children of the day,
To mark the precept's holy light,
To wage the warfare, watch, and pray,
Shew who are pleasing in his sight.

Not words alone it cost the Lord
To purchase pardon for his own,
Nor will a soul, by grace restor'd,
Return the Saviour words alone.

Easy, indeed, it were to reach
A mansion in the courts above,
If swelling words and fluent speech
Might serve instead of faith and love.

Digitized by Google

But none shall gain the blissful place,
Or God's unclouded glory see,
Who talk of free and sovereign grace,
Unless that grace has made him free.

EPISTLE.

C. M.

The glorious universe around
The heavens with all their train,
Sun, moon, and stars, are firmly bound
In one mysterious chain.

God in creation thus displays
His wisdom and his might,
While all his works with all his ways
Harmoniously unite.

In one fraternal bond of love,
One fellowship of mind,
The saints below and saints above,
Their bliss and glory find.

Here, in their house of pilgrimage,
Thy statutes are their song,
There, through one bright, eternal age,
Thy praises they prolong.

Digitized by Google

Lord, may our union form a part
  Of that thrice happy whole,
Derive its pulse from thee, the heart,
  Its life from thee, the soul.

MONTGOMERY.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

ABHORRED pride! first born of sin,
  Far from my bosom flee;
And, in its place, descend and dwell
  Meek-eyed humility.

Invited to the gospel-feast,
  My proper place I know;
Number'd among the last and least,
  I'll to the lowest go.

But if acceptance I shall meet,
  O Lord, before thy face,
And thou point to a higher seat,
  Advanc'd in gifts and grace,

Conscious from whence my all I drew,
  Let me the lower lie;
Ascribe the glory where 'tis due,
  Still less than nothing I.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

HAPPY the man of heavenly birth,
He humbly walks with God on earth;
The power of grace his soul renews,
Sin and the carnal mind subdues.

A lively, purifying hope
Of glory, bears his spirits up;
He loves his maker's holy law,
And fears his name with rev'rend awe.

With grateful heart he still receives
The blessings heavenly bounty gives;
His inward peace, his sacred joy,
The world nor gives, nor can destroy.

His mind is humble and serene,
He calmly bears the trying scene,
He's steady, upright, and sincere,
And walks with conscientious care.

Sin he abhors, and self denies;
To heaven his warm devotions rise,
And thither, when his warfare ends,
To Christ his Saviour he ascends.

Digitized by Google

Eighteenth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

112th.

STRANGE and mysterious is my life,
What opposites I feel within!
A stable peace, a constant strife,
The rule of grace, the power of sin,
Too often I am captive led,
Yet daily triumph in my head.

I love the holy day of rest,
When Jesus meets his gather'd saints;
Sweet day, of all the week the best,
For its return my spirit pants;
Yet often, through my unbelief,
It proves a day of guilt and grief.

While on my Saviour I rely,
I know my foes shall lose their aim,
And therefore dare their power defy,
Assur'd of conquest through his name.
But soon my confidence is slain,
And all my fears return again.

Digitized by Google

Thus different powers within me strive,
And grace and sin by turns prevail,
I grieve, rejoice, decline, revive,
And victory hangs in doubtful scale;
But Jesus has his promise past,
That grace shall overcome at last.

EPISTLE.

L. M.

O THOU, who camest from above,
The pure, celestial fire t'impart!
Kindle a flame of sacred love
On the mean altar of my heart.

There, let it for thy glory burn,
With inextinguishable blaze,
And, trembling, to its source return,
In humble prayer and fervent praise.

Jesus, confirm my heart's desire
To work, and speak, and think for thee;
Still let me guard the holy fire,
And still stir up thy gift in me.

Ready for all thy perfect will,
My acts of faith and love repeat,

Digitized by Google

Till death thy endless mercies seal,
And make my happiness complete.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

Thus saith the first, the great command:
"Let all thy inward powers unite
To love thy Maker and thy God
With utmost vigour and delight.

"Then shall thy neighbour next in place
Share thine affection and esteem,
And let thy kindness to thyself
Measure and rule thy love to him."

This is the sense that Moses spoke;
This did the prophets preach and prove:
For want of this the law is broke,
And the whole law's fulfill'd by love.

But Oh! how base our passions are!
How cold our charity and zeal!
Lord! fill our souls with heavenly fire,
Or we shall ne'er perform thy will.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

8. M.

ARISE, ye saints, arise;
The Lord our leader is;
The foe before his banner flies,
For victory is his.

Behold! he leads the way;
We'll follow where he goes;
We cannot fail to win the day,
Since he subdues our foes.

We'll follow thee, our guide,
Our Saviour, and our King,
We'll follow thee, through grace supplied
From heaven's eternal spring.

We hope to see the day
When all our toils shall cease,
When we shall cast our arms away,
And dwell in endless peace.

This hope supports us here,
It makes our burden light,
'Twill serve our drooping hearts to cheer,
'Till faith shall end in sight.

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Nineteenth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

COME, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfined,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

To mine illumined eyes display
The glorious truth thy word reveals,
Cause me to run the heavenly way,
The book unfold, and loose the seals.

Thine inward teachings make me know
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
And excellence of things above.

While through this dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To shew the dangers of thy way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

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EPISTLE.

L. M.

Now by the sufferings of my God,
His sharp distress, his sore complaints,
By his last groans, his dying blood,
I charge my soul to love the saints.

Clamour, and wrath, and war, begone;
Envy and spite for ever cease;
Let bitter words no more be known
Amongst the saints, the sons of peace.

The Spirit, like a peaceful dove,
Flies from the realms of noise and strife.
Why should we vex and grieve his love,
Who seals our souls to heavenly life?

Tender and kind be all our thoughts:
Through all our lives let mercy run;
So God forgives our numerous faults,
For the dear sake of Christ his Son.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

Physician of my sin-sick soul,
To thee I bring my case;
My raging malady control,
And heal me by thy grace.

Digitized by Google

Pity the anguish I endure,
See how I mourn and pine;
For never can I hope a cure
From any hand but thine.

I would disclose my whole complaint,
But where shall I begin?
No words of mine can fully paint
That worst distemper, sin.

It lies not in a single part,
But through my frame is spread,
A burning fever in my heart,
A palsy in my head.

Lord, I am sick, regard my cry,
And set my spirit free;
Say, canst thou let a sinner die
Who longs to live to thee?

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT. L. M.

Come, holy Spirit, calm my mind,
And fit me to approach my God;
Remove each vain, each worldly thought,
And lead me to thy blest abode.

Digitized by Google

Hast thou imparted to my soul
A living spark of heavenly fire?
O kindle now the sacred flame,
With ardent zeal my soul inspire!

O make my wand'ring heart to feel
The love that Christ to sinners bore,
Then mourn the wounds my sins produced,
And my redeeming God adore.

Twentieth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

FATHER and friend! thy light, thy love,
Beaming through all thy works we see;
Thy glory gilds the heavens above,
And all the earth is full of thee.

Thy voice we hear—thy presence feel,
Whilst thou, too pure for mortal sight,
Involved in clouds—invisible,
Reignest the Lord of life and light.

Digitized by Google

We know not in what hallowed part
  Of the wide heavens thy throne may be;
But this we know, that where thou art,
  Strength, wisdom, goodness, dwell with
    thee.

And through the various maze of time,
  And through th' infinity of space,
We follow thy career sublime,
  And all thy wondrous footsteps trace.

Thy children shall not faint nor fear,
  Sustain'd by this delightful thought,
Since thou, their God, art every where,
  They cannot be where thou art not.

EPISTLE.

7's.

Sweet the time, exceeding sweet,
When the saints together meet;
When the Saviour is the theme
And they joy to sing of him!

Sing we then eternal love,
Such as did the Father move;
He beheld the world undone,
Lov'd the world, and gave his Son.

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Sing the Son's amazing love,
How he left the realms above,
Took our nature, and our place,
Liv'd and died to save our race.

Sing we too the spirit's love,
With our wretched hearts he strove;
Brought salvation to our view,
And our souls to Jesus drew.

Sweet the place, exceeding sweet,
Where the saints in glory meet,
Where the Saviour's still the theme,
Where they see and sing of him.

GOSPEL.

P. M.

To the table of thy grace
An unworthy guest I come;
Seated in the lowest place,
But the wedding garment on;
Else, great King, I dare not there
In my beggar's rags appear.

Hungry, destitute, and poor,
I must perish without bread,

Digitized by Google

If thy mercy's open door
  Did not shew the table spread;
Where, not empty sent away,
Freely feast the hungry may.

But not, Lord, by bread alone,
  Can the fainting spirit live;
Speak the word, and it is done,
  Pardon, peace, and comfort give:
Hungry, thirsty, then no more,
Thee in heaven shall I adore.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

My gracious Lord, I own thy right
  To every service I can pay,
And call it my supreme delight
  To hear thy dictates, and obey.

What is my being but for thee,
  Its sure support, its noblest end?
Thy ever smiling face to see,
  And serve the cause of such a friend?

Digitized by Google

I would not ask for worldly joy,
  Or to increase my worldly good,
Nor future days or powers employ,
  To spread a sounding name abroad.

'Tis to my Saviour I would live;
  To him who for my ransom died;
Nor could untainted Eden give
  Such bliss as blossoms at his side.

His work my hoary age shall bless,
  When youthful vigour is no more,
And my last hour of life confess
  His love has animating power.

Twenty-first Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Forgiveness! 'tis a joyful sound
  To rebel sinners doom'd to die;
Publish the bliss the world around,
  Ye seraphs! shout it from the sky!

Digitized by Google

'Tis the rich gift of love divine ;
'Tis full, out measuring every crime ;
Unclouded shall its glories shine,
And feel no change by changing time.

O'er sins, unbounded as the sand,
And like the mountains for their size,
The seas of sovereign grace expand,—
The seas of sovereign grace arise.

For this stupendous love of heaven,
What grateful honour shall we shew ?
Where much transgression is forgiven,
Let love with equal ardour glow.

" Cheered by the hope of pardoning grace,
We come thy mercy, Lord, to prove :
Like weeping Mary, let us taste
A pledge of thy forgiving love."

By this inspir'd, let all our days
With various holiness be crown'd :
Let truth and goodness, prayer and praise,
In all abide, in all abound.

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

L. M.

AWAKE, my soul! lift up thine eyes;
See where thy foes against me rise,
In long array a numerous host,
Awake, my soul! or thou art lost.

See, where rebellious passions rage,
And fierce desires and lusts engage;
The meanest foe of all the train
Has thousands and ten thousands slain.

Thou tread'st upon enchanted ground,
Perils and snares beset thee round;
Beware of all, guard every part,
But most, the traitor in thy heart.

Come, then, my soul! now learn to wield
The weight of thine immortal shield;
Gird on thine arms, arms from above,
Of heavenly truth, and heavenly love.

The terror and the charm repel,
The powers of earth, and powers of hell;
The Son of God hath triumph'd here:
Why should his faithful followers fear?

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

L. M.

DEEP are the wounds which sin has made,
Where shall the sinner find a cure?
In vain, alas! is nature's aid:
The work exceeds all nature's power.

Sin, like a raging fever, reigns
With fatal strength in every part;
The dire contagion fills the veins,
And spreads the poison to the heart.

And can no sovereign balm be found?
And is no kind physician nigh
To ease the pain and heal the wound,
'Ere life and hope for ever fly?

There is a great Physician near;
Look up, O fainting soul, and live!
See, in his boundless grace appear
Such cure as nature cannot give!

See, in the Saviour's dying blood,
Life, health, and bliss, abundant flow;
'Tis only this dear sacred flood
Can ease thy pain, and heal thy woe.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

8's—7's.

CHRISTIAN! know thy full salvation,
Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care,
Joy to find in every station
Something still to do or bear.

Think what spirit dwells within thee,
Think what Father's smiles are thine;
Think how Jesus died to save thee,
Child of heaven, canst thou repine?

Haste thee on from grace to glory,
Arm'd by faith, and wing'd by prayer,
Heaven's eternal days before thee,
God's own hand shall guide thee there.

Soon shall close thy earthly mission,
Soon shall pass thy pilgrim-days;
Hope shall change to glad fruition,
Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

Digitized by Google

Twenty-second Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Ah! wretched souls, who strive in vain,
  Slaves to the world, and slaves to sin!
A nobler toil may I sustain,
  A nobler satisfaction win.

May I resolve with all my heart,
  With all my powers, to serve the Lord;
Nor from his precepts e'er depart,
  Whose service is a rich reward.

O be his service all my joy,
  Around let my example shine,
Till others love the blest employ,
  And join in labours so divine.

Be this the purpose of my soul,
  My solemn, my determin'd choice,
To yield to his supreme control,
  And in his kind commands rejoice.

Digitized by Google

O may I never faint nor tire,
Nor wandering, leave his sacred ways;
Great God! accept my soul's desire,
And give me strength to live thy praise.

EPISTLE.

148th.

O MY distrustful heart,
How small thy faith appears,
But greater, Lord, thou art,
Than all my doubts and fears:
Did Jesus once upon me shine—
Then Jesus is for ever mine.

Unchangeable his will,
Though dark may be my frame;
His love to me is still
Eternally the same:
My soul, through many changes goes,
His love no variation knows.

Thou, Lord, wilt carry on,
And perfectly perform
The work thou hast begun,
In me a sinful worm:
'Midst all my fears, and sin, and woe,
Thy Spirit will not let me go.

Digitized by Google

The wonders of thy grace,
On me did freely move:
I still shall see thy face,
And prove that God is love:
Helpless on thee my soul I cast,
Lord, save, O save my soul at last.

GOSPEL.

L. M.

Loud let the gospel trumpet sound,
And spread the joyful tidings round;
Let every soul with transport hear,
And hail the Lord's accepted year.

Ye debtors, whom he gives to know,
That you ten thousand talents owe,
When humbled at his feet ye fall,
Your gracious Lord forgives them all.

Slaves, that have borne the heavy chain
Of sin and hell's tyrannic reign,
To liberty assert your claim,
And urge the great Redeemer's name.

Digitized by Google

The rich inheritance you lost,
Restor'd, improv'd, you now may boast;
Fair Salem your arrival waits
To golden streets, and pearly gates.

Her bless'd inhabitants no more
Bondage and poverty deplore;
No debt, but love immensely great,
Whose joy still raises with the debt.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

Now let my soul, eternal King!
To thee its grateful tribute bring;
My knee with humble homage bow,
My tongue perform its solemn vow.

All nature sings thy boundless love,
In worlds below and worlds above;
But in thy blessed word I trace
Diviner wonders of thy grace.

There what delightful truths I read!
There I behold a Saviour bleed;
His name salutes my listening ear,
Revives my heart, and ckecks my fear.

Digitized by Google

There, Jesus bids my sorrows cease,
And gives my labouring conscience peace;
Raises my grateful passions high,
And points to mansions in the sky.

For love like this, O let my song
Through endless years thy praise prolong,
And may my heart thy name adore,
Till time and nature are no more.

Twenty-third Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

With sacred joy we lift our eyes
To those bright realms above,
That glorious temple in the skies,
Where dwells eternal love.

Before the awful throne we bow
Of heaven's Almighty King;
Here we present the solemn vow,
And hymns of praise we sing.

Digitized by Google

While in thy house of prayer we kneel,
With trust and holy fear;
Thy mercy and thy truth reveal,
And lend a gracious ear.

With fervour teach our hearts to pray,
And tune our lips to sing;
Nor from thy presence cast away
The sacrifice we bring.

EPISTLE.

C. M.

Let sinners boast of kindred joys,
The poor delights of sense;
'Tis Christ our inmost thoughts employs,
We draw our comforts thence.

With sweet contentment now we bid
Farewell to pleasures here;
With Christ in God our life is hid,
And all its springs are there.

'Tis now conceal'd and lodged secure
In God's eternal Son;
From age to age shall it endure,
Though to the world unknown.

Digitized by Google

Jesus, remove whate'er divides
Our lingering souls from thee;
'Tis fit that where the head resides
The members too should be.

GOSPEL.

C. M.

Behold! where, in the friend of man
Appears each grace divine;
The virtues all in Jesus met,
With mildest radiance shine.

To spread the rays of heavenly light,
To give the mourner joy,
To preach glad tidings to the poor,
Was his divine employ.

'Midst keen reproach and cruel scorn,
Patient and meek he stood;
His foes, ungrateful, sought his life,—
He laboured for their good.

Jesus the holy law fulfill'd
To be our righteousness;
Let we to him obedience yield,
Who is our life and peace.

Digitized by Google

Be Christ our pattern and our guide ;
His image may we bear :
O may we tread his sacred steps,
And his bright glories share.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

L. M.

God is the refuge of his saints,
When storms of sharp distress invade ;
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold him present with his aid.

Loud may the troubled ocean roar,
In sacred peace our souls abide ;
While every nation, every shore,
Trembles, and dreads the swelling tide.

There is a stream whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God ;
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

That sacred stream, thine holy word,
That all our raging fear controuls :
Sweet peace thy promises afford,
And gives new life to fainting souls.

Digitized by Google

Zion enjoys her monarch's love,
  Secure against a threatening hour;
Nor can her firm foundations move,
  Built on his truth, and arm'd with power.

Twenty-fourth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING PRAYER.

7's. 4.

ON THE COLLECT.

Thou who didst for Peter's faith
  Kindly condescend to pray,
Thou, whose loving kindness hath
  Kept me to the present day;
    Kind Conductor,
Still direct my devious way!

When a tempting world in view
  Gains upon my yielding heart,
When its pleasures I pursue,
  Then one look of pity grant;
    Teach me pleasures,
Which the world can ne'er impart.

Digitized by Google

When with horrid thoughts profane,
Satan would my soul invade,
When he calls religion vain,
Mighty Victor! be my aid:
Send thy Spirit,
Bid me conflict undismay'd.

When I sit beneath thy word,
At thy table cold and dead,
When I cannot see my Lord,
All my little day-light fled,
Sun of glory,
Beam again around my head,

When thy statutes I forsake,
When my graces dimly shine,
When the covenant I break,
Jesus, then remember thine!
Check my wanderings,
By a look of love divine.

Then if heavenly dews distil,
If my hopes are bright and clear,
While I sit on Zion's hill,
Temper joy with holy fear:
Keep me watchful,
Safe alone when thou art near.

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

C. M.

Jesus, I sing thy matchless grace,
That calls a worm thine own;
Gives me among thy saints a place,
To make thy glories known.

Allied to thee, our vital head,
We live, and grow, and thrive;
From thee divided, each is dead,
When most he seems alive.

Thy saints on earth, and those above,
Here join in sweet accord;
One body all in mutual love,
And thou our common Lord.

Oh! may my faith each hour derive
Thy Spirit with delight;
While death and hell in vain shall strive
This bond to disunite.

Thou the whole body will present
Before thy Father's face;
Nor shall a wrinkle or a spot
Its beauteous form disgrace.

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

C. M.

HEAL us, Emmanuel, here we are,
Waiting to feel thy power,
Our wounded souls to thee repair
In thine appointed hour.

Remember him who once applied
With trembling for relief;
"Lord, I believe," with tears he cried,
"O help my unbelief."

She too, who touch'd thee in the press,
And healing virtue stole;
Was answer'd "Daughter, go in peace,
Thy faith hath made thee whole."

Conceal'd amid the gathering throng,
She would have shunn'd thy view,
And if her faith was firm and strong,
Had strong misgivings too.

Like her with hopes, and fears, we come,
To see thee if we may;
Oh! send us not despairing home,
Send none unheal'd away.

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EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

8's—7's.

ISRAEL's Shepherd! guide me, feed me,
Through my pilgrimage below;
And beside the waters lead me,
Where thy sheep rejoicing go.

Could I wander, fear disdaining,
Could I quit the sheltering fold,
Heedless of thy grace constraining,
In the strength of nature bold!

No: thy guardian presence ever,
Meekly kneeling, I implore;
I have found thee, and would never,
Never wander from thee more.

Come, my soul, temptation flying,
Arm thee for the strife within:
Jesus, thy Redeemer, dying,
Stamps an infamy on sin.

Yield, my heart, no longer harden'd,
Rouse thy ev'ry latent pow'r:
Cleansed, and wash'd, and freely pardon'd,
Go in peace, and sin no more.

Digitized by Google

Twenty-fifth Sunday after Trinity.

MORNING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

LIKE trees on Zion's sacred hill,
The saints in order grow,
Planted by God, whose care and skill
Their laden branches shew.

Water'd by heavenly showers, they yield
A rich and large increase;
And every spreading bough is fill'd
With fruits of righteousness.

Like wither'd branches on the vine,
Professors oft are found;
But saints inspir'd with grace divine,
With life and fruit abound.

Jesus, thou art the vine, and we
The lesser branches are;
O, may we still abide in thee,
And fruit abundant bear.

Digitized by Google

EPISTLE.

C. M.

SAVIOUR divine, we know thy name,
And in that name we trust;
Thou art THE LORD OUR RIGHTEOUSNESS,
Thou art thine Israel's boast.

Guilty we plead before thy throne,
And low in dust we lie,
Till Jesus stretch his gracious arm,
To bring the guilty nigh.

Then the bright robe which he hath wrought,
Shall deck us all around;
Nor by the piercing eye of God
One blemish shall be found.

Pardon, and peace, and lively hope,
To sinners now are given:
Soon shall thy faithful people change
Their wilderness for heaven.

With joy we taste that manna now
Thy mercy scatters down;
We rest with lively faith on thee,
And wait the promis'd crown.

Digitized by Google

GOSPEL.

C. M.

O LORD, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend;
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

When all-created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

If five small loaves at thy command
Could many thousands serve,
May I not trust thy gracious hand
That I shall never starve?

How often hast thou brought relief,
And every want supplied;
Yet soon again my unbelief
Says, "Can the Lord provide?"

Mercy and wisdom guide my way,
Shall I resist them both?
A poor blind creature of a day,
And crush'd before the moth?

Digitized by Google

O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore;
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and trust thee more.

EVENING SERVICE.

ON THE COLLECT.

C. M.

FATHER, to thee my soul I lift,
My soul on thee depends,
Convinc'd that every perfect gift
From thee alone descends.

Mercy and grace are thine alone,
And power and wisdom too;
Without the Spirit of thy Son
We nothing good can do.

Thou all our works in us hast wrought,
Our good is all divine;
The praise of every holy thought
And righteous word is thine.

From thee, through Jesus, we receive
The power on thee to call;
In whom we are, and move, and live,
Our God is all in all.

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On the Communion.

Digitized by Google

On the Communion.

COLLECT.

L. M.

Come, blessed Spirit, source of light,
Whose power and grace are unconfin'd,
Dispel the gloomy shades of night,
The thicker darkness of the mind.

Thine inward teachings make me know,
The mysteries of redeeming love,
The emptiness of things below,
The excellence of things above.

While through the dubious maze I stray,
Spread, like the sun, thy beams abroad,
To shew the dangers of the way,
And guide my feeble steps to God.

"Come unto me all ye that labour and are heavy laden."
Matt. xi. 28.

L. M.

Come, weary souls, with sin distrest,
The Saviour offers heavenly rest;
The kind, the gracious call obey,
And cast your gloomy fears away.

Digitized by Google

Oppress'd with guilt, a painful load,
O come and spread your woes abroad;
Divine compassion, mighty love,
Will all the painful load remove.

Here mercy's boundless ocean flows,
To cleanse your guilt, and heal your woes;
Pardon, and life, and endless peace:
How rich the gift! how free the grace!

Lord, we accept, with thankful heart,
The hopes thy gracious words impart:
We come with trembling, yet rejoice,
And bless the kind inviting voice.

"If any man sin, we have an advocate with the Father, Jesus Christ the righteous."—1 *St. John* ii. 1—2.

8's—8's—6's.

Thou sinners' advocate with God,
My only trust is in thy blood,
Thou all-atoning Lamb;
The virtue of thy death impart,
Speak comfort to my drooping heart,
And tell me all thy name.

Digitized by Google

Give me thy pard'ning love to feel,
And freely my backsliding heal,
Repair my faith's decay;
Restore the sweetness of thy grace,
Reveal the glories of thy face,
And take my sins away.

AFTER THE PREFACE.

8's.

Thy holiness, Almighty King,
The glorious choirs of angels sing,
Ever upon the theme they dwell;
Oh! let us learn their song below,
While at thy throne we humbly bow,
Thou holy one of Israel.

Then shall our voices here resound
Loud hallelujahs all around;
And tongues innumerable cry,
Hail holy, holy, holy Lord,
Thy name for ever be adored!
Glory to thee, O Lord most high!

Digitized by Google

A preparatory Thought before receiving.

L. M.

WHAT heav'nly Man, or mighty God,
Comes marching downwards from the skies,
Array'd in garments dyed in blood,
With joy and pity in his eyes?

The Lord! the Saviour! yes, 'tis he,
I know him by the smiles he wears;
Dear glorious Man that died for me,
Drench'd deep in agonies and tears!

Lo, he reveals his sacred breast;
I own those wounds, and I adore:
Lo, he prepares a royal feast,
Sweet fruit of the sharp pangs he bore!

Whence flow these favours so divine?
Lord! why so lavish of thy blood?
Why for such earthly souls as mine,
This heav'nly wine, this sacred food?

'Twas his own love that made him bleed,
That nail'd him to the cursed tree;
'Twas his own love this table spread
For such unworthy guests as we.

Digitized by Google

Then let us taste the Saviour's love;
  Come, faith, and feed upon the Lord:
With glad consent our lips shall move,
  And sweet hosannas crown the board.

"The Lord Jesus in the same night in which he was betrayed took bread."—1 *Cor.* xi. 24.

L. M.

'Twas on that dark and dreadful night,
  When powers of earth and hell arose
Against the Son of God's delight,
  And friends betray'd him to his foes:

Before the mournful scene began,
  He took the bread, and blest, and brake
What love through all his actions ran!
  What wondrous words of grace he spake!

"This is my body, broke for you!
  Receive and eat the living food;
Drink of this cup, and thankful view
  The holy cov'nant seal'd with blood:

"In memory of your dying Lord,
  Do this," he said, "till time shall end:
Meet at my table, and record
  The love of your redeeming friend."

Digitized by Google

Jesus, thy feast we celebrate,
We shew thy death, we sing thy name,
Till thou return, and we shall eat
The marriage supper of the Lamb.

"This do in remembrance of me."—*Luke* xxii. 19.

C. M.

According to thy gracious word,
In meek humility,
This will I do, my dying Lord,
I *will* remember Thee.

Thy body, broken for my sake,
My bread from heaven shall be;
Thy testamental cup I take,
And thus remember Thee.

Gethsemene can I forget?
Or there thy conflict see,
Thine agony and bloody sweat,
And not remember Thee?

When to the cross I turn mine eyes,
And rest on Calvary,
O Lamb of God, my sacrifice!
I must remember Thee:

Digitized by Google

Remember Thee, and all thy pains,
And all thy love to me;
Yea, while a breath, a pulse remains,
Will I remember Thee.

And when these failing lips grow dumb,
And mind and memory flee,
When thou shalt in thy kingdom come,
Jesus, remember me.

MONTGOMERY.

The Compassion of a dying Christ.

L. M.

OUR spirits join to adore the Lamb;
Oh! that our feeble lips could move
In strains immortal as his name,
And melting as his dying love!

Was ever equal pity found?
The Prince of Heaven resigns his breath,
And pours his life out on the ground
To ransom guilty worms from death.

Here we have wash'd our deepest stains,
And heal'd our wounds with heavenly blood:
Bless'd fountain! springing from the veins
Of Jesus, our incarnate God.

Digitized by Google

In vain our mortal voices strive
To speak compassion so divine;
Had we a thousand lives to give,
A thousand lives should all be thine.

Thanksgiving.

L. M.

Refreshed by the bread and wine,
The pledges of our Saviour's love;
Now let our hearts and voices join
In songs of praise with those above.

Do they sing, "Worthy is the Lamb!"
Although we cannot reach their strains,
Yet we through grace can sing the same,
For us he died, for us he reigns.

If they behold him face to face,
While we a glimpse can only see;
Yet equal debtors to his grace,
As safe and as belov'd are we.

They had, like us, a suffering time,
Our cares, and fears, and griefs they knew;
But they have conquer'd all through him,
And we ere long shall conquer too.

Digitized by Google

Though all the songs of saints in light
  Are far beneath his matchless worth,
His grace is such, he will not slight
  The poor attempts of worms on earth.

On the Ministration of Baptism.

"Suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not.
Mark x. 14.

C. M.

See Israel's gentle Shepherd stands
  With all-engaging charms!
Hark, how he calls the tender lambs,
  And bears them in his arms.

"Let children come to me," he cries,
  "Nor scorn their humble name,
For 'twas to bless such souls as these
  The Lord of angels came."

O Lord, we bring them, and in prayer
  We yield them up to thee:
Joyful that we ourselves are thine,
  Thine may our offspring be.

Digitized by Google

S. M.

O Lord, now condescend
To bless our rising race,
Soon may their willing spirits bend
The subjects of thy grace.

Now bless, thou God of love,
The sacramental sign :
Send thy good spirit from above
And make this infant thine.

May he receive the word,
And as his years increase,
Grow in the knowledge of the Lord,
And praise his saving grace.

By what amazing ways
The Lord vouchsafes t'explain ;
The wonders of his saving grace
Towards the sons of men !

Our baptism first declares
What need we have all to cleanse ;
Then shews that Christ to all God-heirs
Can purity dispense.

Digitized by Google

Baptized into his death,
We rise to life divine;
The holy spirit works the faith,
And water is the sign.

The Catechism.

C. M.

Oh say not, dream not, heavenly notes
To childish ears are vain,
That the young mind at random floats,
And cannot reach the strain.

Dim or unheard the words may fall,
And yet the heaven-taught mind
May learn the sacred air, and all
The harmony unwind.

Was not our Lord a little child,
Taught by degrees to pray,
By father dear, and mother mild
Instructed day by day?

And lov'd he not of heaven to talk,
With children in his sight?
To meet them in his daily walk,
And to his arms invite?

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In his own words we Christ adore.
But angels, as we speak,
Higher above our meaning soar
Than we o'er children weak.

And yet his words mean more than they,
And yet he owns their praise;
Why should we think he turns away
From infants' simple lays?

FROM THE CHRISTIAN YEAR.

On the Order of Confirmation.

Intercession for Children about to be Confirmed.

L. M.

Look down, O Lord, and on our youth
Bestow thy gifts of heavenly grace,
And let the seed of sacred truth
Find in each mind a fruitful place.

Soon to appear before thy sight,
Their vow and promise to renew,
Prepare them for the solemn rite,
Bid each his heart and life review.

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The cross that mark'd their infant brow,
May it a faithful emblem prove,
That they shall keep that sacred vow,
And walk as children of thy love.

Lord teach them to remember thee,
Their great Creator, from their youth,
Advancing to maturity
In years, in knowledge, grace and truth.

Matrimony.

C. M.

Since Jesus freely did appear
To grace a marriage feast,
O Lord, we ask thy presence here,
To make a wedding guest.

Upon the bridal pair look down,
Who now have plighted hands;
Their union with thy favour crown,
And bless their nuptial bands.

With gifts of grace their hearts endow,
Of all rich dowries best,
Their substance bless, and peace bestow,
To sweeten all the rest.

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In purest love their souls unite,
To sweeten every care,
May make domestic burdens light,
By taking mutual share.

True helpers may they prove indeed
In prayer, in faith, and hope,
And see with joy a godly seed
To build their household up.

Visitation of the Sick.

L. M.

When pining sickness wastes the frame,
Acute disease or tiring pain;
When life fast spends her feeble flame,
And all the help of man proves vain;

Then, then to have recourse to God,
To pour a prayer in time of need,
And feel the balm of Jesu's blood,
This is to find a friend indeed.

When this, O Christian, is thy lot,
Who cleavest to the Lord by faith,
He'll never leave thee, doubt it not,
In pain, in sickness, or in death.

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When flesh decays, and heart thus fails,
He shall thy strength and portion be,
Shall take thy weakness, bear thy ails,
And softly whisper "Trust in me."

Should'st thou a moment's absence mourn,
Should some short darkness intervene;
He'll give thee pow'r till light return,
To trust him, with the cloud between.

"Victory over death."—*Cor.* xv. 55.

C. M.

Oh! for an overcoming faith
To cheer my dying hours,
In peace to triumph over death,
And all his dreadful powers!

Joyful with all the strength I have,
My quivering lips should sing,
Where is thy victory now, O grave?
And where, O death, thy sting?

If sin be pardon'd, I'm secure;
Death has no sting beside;
My rising too, in Christ is sure,
He rose, as well as died.

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The law condemns, but Jesus saves;
Immortal thanks be paid
To God, who glorious victory gives,
Through Christ our living head.

Death, solemn and inevitable.

L. M.

Sure 'tis a solemn thing to die,
To be, we know not what, nor where;
That state untried we soon must try,
And every knell proclaims "Prepare."

Our friends on dying-beds are laid:
We weep o'er their expiring pains,
Witness death's image, dire pourtrayed;
But O, the task to die remains!

I too must pass through death's dark vale,
And walk alone, the cheerless gloom,
Where friendship's tenderest efforts fail
To smooth the path, its shades illume.

Soon, and the last relentless foe,
Shall quench each power, close every sense,
Strike on this frame the mortal blow,
And drive my trembling spirit thence.

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Lord, may thy spirit round me shine,
When feeble flesh and heart shall fail:
Break on my soul, with beams benign;
While nature sinks, may grace prevail.

Then when my weeping friends survey
My pale remains—the conflict o'er,
My soul shall mount its heavenly way,
Smile back on death,—nor fear him more.

Burial Service.

"I am the resurrection and the life."—*John* ii. 25. 26.

C. M.

"I AM," said Christ, our glorious head,
(May we attention give,)
"The resurrection of the dead,
The life of them that live.

"By faith in me the soul receives
New life, though dead before;
And he that in my name believes
Shall live to die no more."

We walk by faith of joys to come,
Faith grounded on his word;

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But while this body is our home,
We mourn an absent Lord.

What faith rejoices to believe
We long and pant to see;
We would be absent from the flesh,
And present, Lord, with thee.

"It is sown in corruption, it is raised in incorruption; it is sown in dishonour, it is raised in glory."—1 *Cor.* 15. v. 42. 43.

L. M.

Sons of God by blest adoption,
View the dead with steady eyes,
What is sown thus in corruption
Shall in incorruption rise.

What is sown in death's dishonour
Shall revive to glory's light;
What is sown in this weak manner
Shall be raised in matchless might.

Earthly cavern to thy keeping
We commit our brother's dust:
Keep it safely, softly sleeping,
Till our Lord demands thy trust.

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Sweetly sleep, dear saint, in Jesus,
Thou with us shalt wake from death;
Hold he cannot, though he seize us;
We his power defy by faith.

Jesus, thy rich consolations
To thy mourning people send;
May we all, with faith and patience,
Wait for our approaching end.

"Blessed are the dead that die in the Lord."—*Rev.* 14. *v.* 13.

8's—7s.

HARK, a voice! it sounds from heaven,
"Blessed are the dead that die
In the Lord;" to them 'tis given
From a world of woe to fly!
They indeed are truly blest,
From their labour now they rest.

All their toils and conflicts o'er,
Lo! they dwell with Christ above!
O what glories they discover
In the Saviour whom they love!
Now they see him face to face,
Him who sav'd them by his grace.

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'Tis his people's lot for ever,
This their glorious, sure reward;
They indeed are blest, who never
Shall be absent from the Lord.
O that we may die like those
Who in Jesus thus repose!

"O death, where is thy sting? O grave, where is thy victory? Thanks be to God, which giveth us the victory through our Lord Jesus Christ."—1 *Cor.* 55.

7's.

Blessing, honour, thanks, and praise,
Pay we, gracious God, to thee;
Thou, in thine abundant grace,
Givest us the victory;

Yes, the Christian's course is run,
Ended is the glorious strife,
Fought the fight, the work is done,
Death is swallowed up in life.

Lo! the prisoner is released,
Lighten'd of his fleshly load;
Where the weary are at rest,
He is gather'd unto God!

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Lo! the pain of life is past,
All his warfare now is o'er,
Death and hell behind are cast,
Grief and suffering are no more.

Thanksgiving of Women after Childbirth.

C. M.

What shall I render to my God
For all his kindness shown?
My feet shall visit thine abode
My songs address thy throne.

Among thy saints that fill thine house,
My offerings shall be paid;
There shall my zeal perform the vows
My soul in anguish made.

How happy all thy servants are!
How great thy grace to me!
My life, which thou hast made thy care,
Lord, I devote to thee.

Now I am thine, for ever thine
Nor shall my purpose move;
Thine hand hath loos'd my bonds of pain,
And bound me with thy love.

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On the Psalms of David.

1st Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm 1. C. M.

BLEST is the man who shuns the place
Where sinners love to meet,
Who fears to tread their wicked ways,
And hates the scoffer's seat:

But in the statutes of the Lord
Has plac'd his chief delight;
By day he reads or hears the word,
And meditates by night.

Green as the leaf and ever fair
Shall his profession shine,
While fruits of holiness appear
Like clusters on the vine.

Not so the impious and unjust;
What vain designs thy form!
Their hopes are blown away like dust,
Or chaff, before the storm.

Sinners in judgment shall not stand
Amongst the sons of grace,
When Christ, the judge, at his right hand
Appoints the saints a place.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm 8. L. M.

IMMORTAL King! through earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praise and name!
Whose reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Whose glory heaven's vast height transcends.

When rapt in thought, with wakeful eye
I view the wonders of the sky,
Whose frame thy fingers o'er our head,
In rich magnificence have spread;

The silent moon with waxing horn
Along the etherial region borne,
The stars with vivid lustre crown'd
That nightly walk their destin'd round.

Lord! what is man, that in thy care
His humble lot should find a share;
Or what the son of man, that thou
Thus to his wants thy ear should bow?

Immortal King! through earth's wide frame
How great thy honour, praise, and name!
Thy reign o'er distant worlds extends,
Thy glory heaven's vast height transcends.

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2nd Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm ix. v. 9. C. M.

O THOU who driest the mourner's tear,
How dark this world would be,
If, when deceived and wounded here,
We could not fly to thee.

The friends, who in our sunshine live,
When winter comes are flown;
And he, who has but tears to give,
Must weep those tears alone.

But thou wilt heal the broken heart,
Which, like the plants that throw
Their fragrance from the wounded part,
Breathes sweetness out of woe.

When joy no longer soothes or cheers,
And e'en the hope that threw
A moment's sparkle o'er our tears,
Is dimm'd and vanish'd too;

Then sorrow touch'd by thee grows bright,
With more than summer ray;
As darkness shows us worlds of light,
We could not see by day.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm xiv. v. 1. L. M.

THERE is a God, all nature speaks,
Through earth, and air, and seas, and skies;
See, from the clouds his glory breaks,
When the first beams of morning rise!

The rising sun, serenely bright,
O'er the wide world's extended frame,
Inscribes, in characters of light,
His mighty Maker's glorious name.

Ye curious minds who roam abroad,
And trace creation's wonders o'er!
Confess the footsteps of the God,
Bow down before him, and adore.

3rd Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xvi. v. 11. L. M.

O HAPPY saints who dwell in light,
And walk with Jesus cloath'd in white,
Safe landed on that peaceful shore,
Where pilgrims meet to part no more.

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And now they range the heavenly plains,
And sing their hymns in melting strains ;
And now their souls begin to prove
The heights and depths of Jesu's love.

He cheers them with eternal smile,
They sing Hosannahs all the while,
Or overwhelm'd with rapture sweet,
Sink down adoring at his feet.

O Lord, with tardy steps I creep,
And sometimes sing, and sometimes weep,
Yet strip me of this house of clay,
And I will sing as loud as they.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm xviii. v. 46. S. M.

The great Jehovah reigns
Upon a throne sublime,
And from his own eternity
Sees the wide waste of time.

"This great Jehovah's mine,"
The Saint in rapture cries,
"And to this everlasting rock,
My joyful spirit flies ;

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"From this immortal spring
Immense salvation flows,
And with the wonders of his love
My grateful bosom glows;

"His name shall be my song
While life and breath are given,
And his unceasing praise shall run
Through all the days of heaven."

4th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xix. v. 4-6. C. M.

A GLORY gilds the sacred page,
Majestic like the sun;
It gives a light to ev'ry age;
It gives, but borrows none,

The hand that gave it still supplies
The gracious light and heat;
His truths upon the nations rise
They rise, but never set.

Let everlasting thanks be thine,
For such a bright display,
As makes a world of darkness shine
With beams of heavenly day.

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My soul rejoices to pursue
The steps of him I love,
Till glory breaks upon my view
In brighter worlds above.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm 23. S. M.

While God my father's near,
My shepherd and my guide,
I bid farewell to anxious fear,
My wants are all supplied.

To ever-fragrant meads,
Where rich abundance grows,
His gracious hand indulgent leads,
And guards my sweet repose.

Along the lovely scene,
Cool waters gently roll,
And kind refreshment smiles serene,
To cheer my fainting soul.

Here let my spirit rest:
How sweet a lot is mine,
With pleasure, food, and safety blest,
Beneficence divine!

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Great shepherd! if I stray,
My wandering feet restore;
To thy fair pastures guide my way,
And let me rove no more.

5th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xxvi. v. 8. L. M.

'Tis the fair dawn of heavenly day,
To heavenly bliss the shining way.
When to his temples God descends,
And there converses with his friends.

With beams of smiling majesty
He awes, and yet invites them nigh;
His glory and his grace displays,
And shines with bright but friendly rays.

While hovering o'er the happy place
The Spirit sheds his heavenly grace;
To fix our thoughts, our hearts to raise,
And tune our souls to love and praise.

'Tis here we learn the blessed skill,
To know and do our Maker's will;
And while we hear, and sing, and pray,
With heavenly joy we soar away.

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These are the dearest hours I know,
The sweetest joys of all below;
Here I would choose my fixed abode,
And dwell for ever near my God.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm xxvii. v. i. P. M.

O THOU God of our salvation!
Jesus now enthroned in light:
Look from thine exalted station,
Look from yonder glorious height;
Save thy people:
Put thine enemies to flight.

Thou wast once like us assaulted,
Once "a man of sorrows" here:
Now to heaven with joy exalted,
Thou art first and highest there:
Yet thy people
Know their prayers will reach thine ear.

Sing, ye saints, for you have reason:
Jesus is your glorious chief!

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In affliction's sharpest season,
Think on this, 'twill bring relief:
Sing with gladness:
Jesus knows and shares your grief.

6th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xxx. v. 6. C. M.

My God! to thee my soul aspires;
Dispel the shades of night,
Enlarge and fill my vast desires
With infinite delight.

Immortal joy thy smiles impart,
Heav'n dawns in every ray,
One glimpse of thee will cheer my heart,
And turn my night to day.

Not all the good which earth bestows
Can fill the craving mind;
Its highest joys have mingled woes,
And leave a sting behind.

Should boundless wealth increase my store,
Can wealth my cares beguile?
I should be wretched still and poor,
Without thy blissful smile.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm xxxiv. v. 8-9. L. M.

TRIUMPHANT Lord, thy goodness reigns
Through all the wide celestial plains;
And its full streams redundant flow
Down to th' abodes of men below.

Through nature's works its glories shine;
The cares of providence are thine,
And grace erects our ruin'd frame
A fairer temple to thy name.

O give to ev'ry human heart
To taste and feel how good thou art;
With grateful love and reverend fear,
To know how bless'd thy children are.

Let nature burst into a song,
Ye echoing hills, the notes prolong;
Earth, seas, and stars, your anthems raise,
All vocal with your Maker's praise.

Ye saints with joy the theme pursue;
Its sweetest notes belong to you:
Called by your condescending King,
For ever round his throne to sing.

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7th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xxxvi. v. 8. C. M.

How vain a thought is bliss below,
'Tis all an airy dream;
How empty are the joys that flow
On pleasure's smiling stream!

O let my nobler wishes soar
Beyond this world of night;
In heaven substantial bliss explore,
And permanent delight!

There pleasure flows for ever clear;
And, rising to the view,
Such dazzling scenes of joy appear
As fancy never drew.

No fleeting landscape cheats the gaze,
Nor airy form beguiles,
Bnt everlasting bliss displays
Her undissembled smiles.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm xxxvii. v. 4. C. M.

O Lord, I would delight in thee,
And on thy care depend,
To thee in every trouble flee,
My best, my only friend.

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When all created streams are dried,
Thy fulness is the same;
May I with this be satisfied,
And glory in thy name!

No good in creatures can be found,
But may be found in thee;
I must have all things, and abound,
While God is God to me.

He, that hath made my heaven secure,
Will here all good provide;
While Christ is rich, can I be poor?
What can I want beside?

O Lord, I cast my care on thee,
I triumph and adore,
Henceforth my great concern shall be
To love and please thee more.

8th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xxxviii. v. 9. 10. C. M.

My soul, the awful hour will come,
Apace it passes on,
To bear this body to the tomb,
And thee to scenes unknown.

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Whence in that hour shall I receive
A cordial for my pain,
When, if earth's monarchs were my friends,
Those friends would weep in vain!

Great king of nature and of grace,
To thee my spirit flies,
And opens all its deep distress
Before thy pitying eyes.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm xlii. v. 2. L. M.

I THIRST, but not as once I did,
The vain delights of earth to share;
Thy wounds, Immanuel, all forbid
That I should seek my pleasures there.

It was the sight of thy dear cross
First wean'd my soul from earthly things,
And taught me to esteem, as dross,
The worldling's joys, the pomp of kings.

Blest fountain of delight unknown!
Source of all good and joy supreme!
Still on my thirsty soul pour down
A living and life-giving stream!

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For sure, of all the plants that share
  The notice of thy father's eye,
None proves less grateful to his care,
  Or yields him meaner fruit than I.

9th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xlvi. v. 8. 10.

8's—7's—8's.

Come, and see what God is doing;
  His are works of power and grace:
Round this world his word is going,
  Giving light to every place.
'Tis a day expected long,
Theme of old prophetic song.

(While the nations are contending,
  And the tumult louder grows,
Through the earth our God is sending
  News of peace to heal our woes.
Sounds of mercy sweeter are
Heard amid the sounds of war.)

Long the nations were benighted,
  And the darkness had been still,
But the lamp that God has lighted
  Now is set upon the hill:

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Many now enjoy the light,
And with rapture hail the sight.

Higher still, and higher place it,
Shew it to the world around ;
Never should we cease to raise it
While a nation still is found :
One to whom it is not given
To enjoy the light of heaven.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm xlviii. v. 1. 8. S. M.

GREAT is the lord our God,
And let his praise be great ;
He makes his churches his abode,
His most delightful seat.

These temples of his grace,
How beautiful they stand !
The honours of our native place,
And bulwarks of our land.

In Sion God is known,
A refuge in distress ;
How bright has his salvation shone
Through all his palaces !

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In every new distress
We'll to his house repair;
We'll think upon his wondrous grace,
And seek deliv'rance there.

10th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm li. L. M.

Lord, I am vile, conceiv'd in sin,
And born unholy and unclean;
Sprung from the man whose guilty fall
Corrupts the race, and taints us all.

Soon as we draw our infant breath,
The seeds of sin grow up to death:
Thy law demands a perfect heart,
But we're defiled in every part.

Behold, I fall before thy face,
My only refuge is thy grace,
No outward forms can make me clean,
The leprosy lies deep within.

No bleeding bird, nor bleeding beast,
Nor hyssop branch, nor sprinkling priest,
Nor running brook, nor flood, nor sea,
Can wash the dismal stain away.

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Jesus, my God! thy blood alone
Hath pow'r sufficient to atone;
Thy blood can make me white as snow;
No Jewish types could make me so.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm lv. v. 6. 8 lines.

O, HAD I the wings of a dove
I'd make my escape and begone;
I'd mix with the spirits above
Who compass yon heavenly throne;
I'd fly from all labour and toil
To the place where the weary have rest;
I'd haste from contention and broil,
To the peaceful abode of the blest.

How happy are they who no more
Have to fear the assaults of the foe!
Arrived on the heavenly shore
They have left all their conflicts below.
How holy and blessed are they!
No tongue can express their delight;
My soul, now unwilling to stay,
Prepares for its heavenly flight.

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But why do I wish to be gone?
Do I want from this danger to flee?
And shall I do nothing for one
Who was once such a sufferer for me?
Ah! Lord, what a creature am I!
Sure nothing can heighten my guilt;
Forgive me! forgive me! I cry,
And make me whatever thou wilt.

11*th Day.*] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm lvii. C. M.

My God, in whom are all the springs
Of boundless love and grace unknown,
Hide me beneath thy spreading wings,
Till the dark cloud is overblown.

Up to the Heavens I send my cry;
The Lord will my desires perform:
He sends his angels from the sky,
And saves me from the threat'ning storm.

My heart is fix'd; my song shall raise
Immortal honours to thy name:
Awake, my tongue, to sound his praise,
My tongue, the glory of my frame.

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High o'er the earth his mercy reigns,
And reaches to the utmost sky:
His truth to endless years remains,
When lower worlds dissolve and die.

Be thou exalted, O my God!
Above the heavens, where angels dwell;
Thy power on earth be known abroad,
And land to land thy wonders tell.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm lix. v. 16. S. M.

Come, saints, and let us sing
Of Christ, our risen Lord,
Of Christ, the everlasting King,
Of Christ, the incarnate word.

On this delightful theme
The angels love to dwell;—
How glorious should the subject seem
To sinners sav'd from hell!

Ah! can we sing too loud,
Whom God has deign'd to call?
To other gods we lately bow'd,
But he has pardon'd all!

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Hail! mighty Saviour, hail!
Whose power we daily prove:
Till heart and flesh together fail
We'll sing thy matchless love.

12th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xlii. v. 1. 2. C. M.

O THAT I knew the secret place,
Where I might find my God!
I'd spread my wants before his face,
And pour my woes abroad.

I'd tell him how my sins arise,
What sorrows I sustain;
How grace decays, and comfort dies,
And leaves my heart in pain.

He knows what argument I'd take
To wrestle with my God:
I'd plead for his own mercy's sake,
And for my Saviour's blood.

Arise, my soul, from deep distress,
And banish every fear;
He calls thee to his throne of grace,
To spread thy sorrows there.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm xlv. v. 1. L. M.

ETERNAL source of every joy!
Well may thy praise my lips employ;
While in thy temple we appear,
Whose goodness crowns the circling year.

While as the wheels of nature roll,
Thy hand supports the steady pole;
The sun is taught by thee to rise,
And darkness when to veil the skies.

Seasons, and months, and weeks, and days,
Demand successive songs of praise;
Still be the cheerful homage paid,
With morning light and evening shade.

Here in thy house shall incense rise,
As circling sabbaths bless our eyes;
Still will we make thy mercies known,
Around thy board, and round our own.

O may our more harmonious tongues,
In worlds unknown pursue the songs;
And to those brightest courts adore,
Where days and years revolve no more.

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13th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xlviii. L. M.

We bless the Lord, the just, the good,
Who fills our hearts with joy and food;
Who pours his blessings from the skies,
And loads our days with rich supplies.

He sends the sun his circuit round
To cheer the fruits, to warm the ground;
He bids the clouds with plenteous rain
Refresh the thirsty earth again.

'Tis to his care we owe our breath,
And all our near escapes from death;
Safety and health to God belong;
He heals the weak, and guards the strong.

He makes the saint and sinner prove
The common blessings of his love;
But the wide difference that remains
Is endless joy, or endless pains.

To his right hand his saints will raise
From the deep earth, or deeper seas;
And bring them to his courts above,
Then shall they taste his special love.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm lxix. v. 1. L. M.

GOD of my life, to thee I call,
Afflicted at thy feet I fall;
When the great water-floods prevail,
Leave not my trembling heart to fail!

Friend of the friendless, and the faint!
Where should I lodge my deep complaint?
Where, but with thee, whose open door
Invites the helpless and the poor!

Did ever mourner plead with thee,
And thou refuse that mourner's plea?
Does not thy word still fix'd remain,
That none shall seek thy face in vain?

Poor though I am, despised, forgot,
Yet God, my God, forgets me not;
And he is safe, and must succeed,
For whom the Lord vouchsafes to plead.

14*th Day.*] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm lxxii. L. M.

JESUS shall reign where'er the sun
His vast successive course shall run;

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His kingdom stretch from shore to shore,
Till moons shall wax and wane no more.

To him shall endless prayer be made,
And princes throng to crown his head;
His name like sweet perfume shall rise
With every morning sacrifice.

People and realms of every tongue
Dwell on his love with sweetest song,
And infant voices shall proclaim
Their early blessings on his name.

Blessings abound where'er he reigns;
The pris'ner leaps to loose his chains,
The weary find eternal rest,
And all the sons of want are bless'd.

Where he displays his healing power
Death and the curse are known no more;
In him the tribes of Adam boast
More blessings than their father lost.

Let every creature rise, and bring
Peculiar honours to our king;
Angels descend with songs again,
And earth repeat the loud Amen!

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm lxxiii. v. 25, 26. L. M.

My God, whose all-pervading eye
Views earth beneath, and heaven above,
Witness if here or there thou seest
An object of mine equal love.

Not the gay scenes, where mortal men
Pursue their bliss, and find their woe,
Detain my rising heart, which springs
The nobler joys of heaven to view.

Not all the fairest sons of light,
That lead the army round thy throne,
Can bound its flight; it presseth on,
And seeks its rest in God alone.

This feeble flesh shall faint, and die,
This heart renew its pulse no more:
E'en now it views the moment nigh
When life's last movements all are o'er.

But come, thou vanquish'd king of dread,
With thy own hand thy power destroy;
'Tis thine to bear my soul to God,
My portion and eternal joy.

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15th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm lxxvii. v. 19. C. M.

God moves in a mysterious way,
His wonders to perform,
He plants his footsteps in the sea,
And rides upon the storm.

Deep in unfathomable mines
Of never-failing skill,
He treasures up his bright designs,
And works his sovereign will.

Judge not the Lord by feeble sense,
But trust him for his grace,
Behind a frowning providence
He hides a smiling face.

His purposes will ripen fast,
Unfolding every hour;
The bud may have a bitter taste,
But sweet will be the flower.

Blind unbelief is sure to err,
And scan his work in vain,
God is his own interpreter,
And he will make it plain.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm lxxviii. v. 52. C. M.

When Israel, by divine command,
The pathless desert trod,
They found, though 'twas a barren land,
A sure resource in God.

A cloudy pillar mark'd their road,
And screen'd them from the heat;
From the hard rocks the water flow'd,
And manna was their meat.

Like them, we have a rest in view,
Secure from adverse powers;
Like them, we pass a desert too,
But Israel's God is ours.

Jesus himself becomes our food,
Our living wine and bread;
And, blest with every needful good,
His joy anoints our head.

Lord, 'tis enough, I ask no more,
These blessings are divine;
I envy not the worldling's store,
If Christ and heaven are mine.

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16th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm lxxx. v. 15. 8's—7's.

SEE the vineyard lately planted,
By thine hand, O Lord of hosts:
Let thy people's prayer be granted,
Keep it safe from hostile boasts:
Many think the work to mar:
O remove the danger far!

Drooping plants revive and nourish,
Let them thrive beneath thine hand:
Let the weak grow strong, and flourish,
Blooming fair at thy command;
Let the fruitful yield thee more,
Laden with a richer store.

Gracious Lord, be thou entreated,
Plant the barren waste around,
Let thy work be thus completed,
And no fruitless spot be found;
Let the earth a vineyard be,
Consecrated, Lord, to thee.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm lxxxiv. v. 1-4, 5. L. M.

How lovely, how divinely sweet,
O Lord, thy sacred courts appear!
Fain would my longing passions meet
The glories of thy presence there.

O, blest the men, blest their employ,
Whom thy indulgent favours raise
To dwell in those abodes of joy,
And sing thy never-ceasing praise.

Happy the men whom strength divine
With ardent love and zeal inspires;
Whose steps to thy blest way incline,
With willing hearts and warm desires.

He pours his kindest blessings down,
Profusely down, on souls sincere;
And grace shall guide, and glory crown,
The happy favourites of his care.

O Lord of hosts, thou God of grace,
How blest, divinely blest, is he
Who trusts thy love, and seeks thy face,
And fixes all his hopes on thee!

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17th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm lxxxvii. L. M.

GOD in his earthly temple lays
Foundations for his heavenly praise:
He likes the tents of Jacob well,
But still in Zion loves to dwell.

His mercy visits every house
That pay their night and morning vows;
But makes a more delightful stay
Where churches meet to praise and pray.

What glories are described of old!
What wonders are of Zion told!
Thou city of our God below,
Thy fame shall Tyre and Egypt know!

Egypt and Tyre, and Greek and Jew,
Shall there begin their lives anew;
Angels and men shall join to sing
The hill where living waters spring.

When God makes up his last account
Of subjects in his holy mount,
'Twill be an honour to appear
As one new-born or nourish'd there!

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm lxxxix. v. 16, 17. C. M.

BLESS'D are the souls that hear and know
The gospel's joyful sound;
Peace shall attend the path they go,
And light their steps surround.

Their joy shall bear their spirits up,
Through their Redeemer's name;
His righteousness exalts their hope,
Nor Satan dares condemn.

The Lord, our glory and defence,
Strength and salvation gives:
Israel thy king for ever reigns,
Thy God for ever lives.

18*th Day.*] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xci. v. 1-7. L. M.

HE that hath made his refuge God
Shall find a most secure abode,
Shall walk all day beneath his shade,
And there at night shall rest his head.

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If vapours, with malignant breath,
Rise thick, and scatter midnight death,
Israel is safe: the poison'd air
Grows pure, if Israel's God be there.

If burning beams of noon conspire
To dart a pestilential fire,
God is their life, his wings are spread,
To shield them with an healthful shade.

What though a thousand at thy side,
At thy right hand ten thousand died,
Thy God his chosen people saves
Amongst the dead, amidst the graves.

But if the fire, or plague, or sword,
Receive commission from the Lord
To strike his saints among the rest,
Their very pains and deaths are blest.

The sword, the pestilence, or fire,
Shall but fulfil their best desire,
From sins and sorrows set them free,
And bring thy children, Lord, to thee.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm xciii. L. M.

JEHOVAH reigns; he dwells in light,
Girded with majesty and might;
The world, created by his hands,
Still on its first foundation stands.

But ere this spacious world was made,
Or had its first foundation laid,
Thy throne eternal ages stood,
Thyself the ever-living God.

Like floods the angry nations rise,
And aim their rage against the skies:
Vain floods, that aim their rage so high!
At thy rebuke the billows die.

For ever shall thy throne endure;
Thy promise stands for ever sure;
And everlasting holiness
Becomes the dwelling of thy grace.

19th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm xcv. v. 1-6. L. M.

COME, let our voices join, to raise
A sacred song of solemn praise;
God is a sovereign king; rehearse
His honours in exalted verse.

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Come, let our souls address the Lord,
Who fram'd our natures with his word;
He is our shepherd; we the sheep
His mercy chose, his pastures keep.

Come, let us hear his voice to-day,
The counsels of his love obey;
Nor let our harden'd hearts renew
The sins and plagues that Israel knew.

Look back, my soul, with holy dread,
And view those ancient rebels dead;
Attend the offer'd grace to-day,
Nor lose the blessings by delay.

Seize the kind promise while it waits,
And march to Zion's heav'nly gates;
Believe, and take the promis'd rest;
Obey, and be for ever bless'd.

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm c.

Before Jehovah's awful throne,
Ye nations, bow with sacred joy;
Know that the Lord is God alone;
He can create, and he destroy.

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His sovereign power, without our aid,
Made us of clay, and form'd us men;
And when like wandering sheep we stray'd,
He brought us to his fold again.

We'll crowd thy gates with thankful songs;
High as the heavens our voices raise;
And earth, with her ten thousand tongues,
Shall fill thy courts with sounding praise.

Wide as the world is thy command;
Vast as eternity thy love;
Firm as a rock thy truth must stand,[1]
When rolling years shall cease to move.

20th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm ciii. v. 1-5. S. M.

O BLESS the Lord, my soul!
His grace to thee proclaim:
And all that is within me join
To bless his holy name.

O bless the Lord, my soul!
His mercies bear in mind;
Forget not all his benefits,
The Lord to thee is kind.

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He pardons all thy sins,
Prolongs thy feeble breath;
He healeth thine infirmities,
And ransoms thee from death.

Then bless his holy name,
Whose grace hath made thee whole;
Whose loving-kindness crowns thy days;
O bless the Lord, my soul!

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm civ. v. 33.

I'LL praise my Maker while I've breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: he made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth for ever stands secure,
He saves the oppress'd, he feeds the poor,
And none shall find his promise vain.

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The Lord gives eyesight to the blind,
The Lord supports the fainting mind;
He sends the labouring conscience peace;
He helps the stranger in distress,
The widow and the fatherless,
And grants the pris'ner sweet release.

I'll praise him while he lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler powers:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life, and thought, and being last,
Or immortality endures.

21st Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm cv. C. M.

Now let the world forbear its rage,
Nor put the church in fear:
Israel must live thro' every age,
And be th' Almighty's care.

The Lord himself chose out their way,
And mark'd their journies right,
Gave them a leading cloud by day,
A fiery guide by night.

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They thirst: and waters from the rock
In rich abundance flow:
And following still the course they took,
Ran all the desert thro'.

O wondrous stream! O blessed type
Of overflowing grace!
So Christ, our rock, maintains our life
Thro' all the wilderness.

Thus guarded by th' Almighty's hand,
The chosen tribes possest
Canaan, the rich, the promis'd land,
And there enjoy'd their rest.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm cvi. v. 4. P. M.

Jesus, my almighty Saviour,
Prostrate at thy feet I lie;
Humbly I entreat thy favour,
Condescend to hear my cry.

When I was to thee a stranger,
Wand'ring in forbidden ways,
From the paths of sin and danger
Thou didst call me by thy grace.

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Let not then my foes confound me;
Thou art all my help and hope;
Let thy arms of love surround me,
Let thy mercy hold me up.

Grant me thy divine direction
In the way that I should go;
Let thy hand be my protection
From the power of every foe.

Gracious Saviour, never leave me
While my toils and conflict last;
To thy heavenly kingdom take me
When the storms of life are past.

22nd Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm cvii. v. 8. C. M.

Lord, when our raptur'd thought surveys
Creation's beauties o'er,
All nature joins to teach thy praise,
And bid our souls adore.

Where'er we turn our gazing eyes,
Thy radiant footsteps shine;
Ten thousand pleasing wonders rise,
And speak their source divine.

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Thy wisdom, power, and goodness, Lord,
In all thy works appear,
And O! let man thy praise record;
Man, thy distinguished care!

From thee the breath of life we drew;
That breath thy power maintains;
Thy tender mercy, ever new,
Our brittle frame sustains.

Yet nobler favours claim our praise,
Of reason's light posses'd;
By revelation's brightest rays
Still more divinely bless'd.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm cviii. v. 2. 7's.

Jesse's son awakes the lyre:
Listen while the Psalmist sings,
His the spirit's sacred fire,
And the theme, the King of Kings.

Others sing of worldly things,
Themes like these to men belong;
But when Israel's Psalmist sings,
Sacred themes inspire his song.

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Listen, listen, while he sings,
Jesus is his glorious theme:
Jesus is the King of Kings;
'Tis his joy to sing of him.

How should we delight to hear
Strains that hope and love impart?
Strains of joy for mortal ear,
Strains that captivate the heart.

Son of Jesse, sound the lyre;
Bear our willing souls along:
Thine the prophet's holy fire,
Thine his theme, and thine his song.

23rd Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm cx. C. M.

JESUS, our Lord, ascend thy throne,
And near thy Father sit;
In Zion shall thy power be known,
And make thy foes submit.

What wonders shall thy gospel do!
Thy contests shall surpass
The numerous drops of morning dew,
And own thy sovereign grace.

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God hath pronounced a firm decree,
Nor changes what he swore,
"Eternal shall thy priesthood be,
When Aaron is no more.

Melchisedec, that wondrous priest,
That king of high degree,
That holy man whom Abr'ham bless'd,
Was but a type of thee."

Jesus, our priest, for ever lives
To plead for us above;
Jesus our king for ever gives
The blessings of his love.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm cxv. v. 1. C. M.

Not unto us, but to thy name,
Great God, be glory given:
Thy praise shall be on earth begun,
And perfected in heaven.

Thy wisdom and thy boundless love
Contriv'd the wondrous plan
Of rescuing, from eternal death,
Th'apostate race of man.

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Should we, through grace, at length be
found
Among thy saints above,
With them, in endless songs, we'll sing
The triumphs of thy love.

Yet let us aim, while here below,
Thy mercy to display,
And own, at least, the debt we owe,
Although we cannot pay.

To thee, O God! to thee alone,
Be all the glory given;
For 'tis of grace, from first to last,
That sinners enter heaven.

24th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm cxvi. v. 8-9. L. M.

GREAT source of life, our souls confess
The various riches of thy grace;
Crown'd with thy mercy, we rejoice,
And in thy praise exalt our voice.

By thee heaven's shining arch was spread;
By thee were earth's foundations laid;
And all the charms of men's abode
Proclaim the wise, the gracious God.

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Thy tender hand restores our breath,
When trembling on the verge of death;
Gently it wipes away our tears,
And lengthens life to future years.

These lives are sacred to the Lord;
Produced by him, by him restored;
And while our hours renew their race,
Still would we walk before his face.

That when our souls are awful led
Through unknown regions of the dead,
With joy triumphant they may move
To realms of nobler life above.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm cxix. v. 1, 2, 3. C. M.

Bless'd are the undefil'd in heart,
Whose ways are right and clean,
Who never from thy law depart,
But fly from ev'ry sin.

Bless'd are the men that keep thy word,
And practise thy commands,
With their whole heart they seek the Lord,
And serve thee with their hands.

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Great is their peace who love thy law,
How firm their souls abide!
Nor can a bold temptation draw
Their steady feet aside.

Then shall my heart have inward joy,
And keep my face from shame,
When all thy statutes I obey,
And honour all thy name.

25th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm cxix. v. 67. 72. L. M.

FATHER, I bless thy gentle hand;
How kind was thy chastising rod,
That forc'd my conscience to a stand,
And brought my wandering soul to God.

Foolish and vain I went astray
Ere I had felt thy scourges, Lord,
I left my guide and lost my way,
But now I love and keep thy word.

'Tis good for me to wear the yoke,
For pride is apt to rise and swell;
'Tis good to bear my father's stroke,
That I might learn his statutes well.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm cxix. v. 103. L. M.

I LOVE the sacred book of God;
No other can its place supply;
It points me to the saints' abode,
It gives me wings, and bids me fly.

Blest book! in thee my eyes discern
The image of my absent Lord;
From thine instructive page I learn
The joys his presence will afford.

Then shall I need thy light no more,
For nothing shall be then conceal'd;
When I have reach'd the heavenly shore,
The Lord himself will stand reveal'd.

When 'midst the throng celestial placed,
The bright original I see,
From which thy sacred page was traced,
Blest book! I've no more need of thee.

But while I'm here, thou shalt supply
His place, and tell me of his love:
I'll read with faith's discerning eye,
And thus partake of joys above.

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26th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm cxix. v. 117. C. M.

LORD, hast thou made me know thy ways?
Conduct me in thy fear;
And grant me such supplies of grace,
That I may persevere.

Let but thy own Almighty arm
Sustain a feeble worm,
I shall escape secure from harm
Amid the dreadful storm.

Be thou my all-sufficient friend,
Till all my toils shall cease;
Guard me through life, and let my end
Be everlasting peace.

EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm cxix. v. 158. P. M.

BY the thoughtless world derided,
Still I love the word of God;
'Tis the crook by which I'm guided,
Often 'tis a chast'ning rod:

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'Tis a sword that cuts asunder
All my pride and vanity,
When abas'd, I lie and wonder
That he spares a wretch like me.

This confirms me when I waver,
Sets my trembling judgment right;
When I stray, how much soever,
This is my restoring light:
Satan oft, and sin, assail me,
With temptations ever new;
Then, O nothing can avail me,
'Till my bleeding Lord I view.

Faith I need, O Lord, bestow it,
Give my labouring mind relief;
Oft, alas! I doubt I know it,
Help, O help my unbelief.
Dearest Saviour, by thy merit
May I gain a future crown;
Guide, O guide me by thy Spirit,
Till these storms are overblown.

DR. COLLYER.

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27th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm cxxii. C. M.

How did my heart rejoice to hear
My friends devoutly say,
"In Zion let us all appear
And keep the solemn day!"

I love her gates, I love the road;
The church, adorn'd with grace,
Stands like a palace built for God
To show his milder face.

Peace be within this sacred place,
And joy a constant guest;
With holy gifts and heavenly grace
Be her attendants blest!

My soul shall pray for Zion still,
While life or breath remains,
There my best friends, my kindred dwell,
There God my Saviour reigns.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm cxxxi. C. M.

Is there ambition in my heart?
Search, gracious God, and see;
Or do I act a haughty part?
Lord, I appeal to thee.

I charge my thoughts, be humble still,
And all my carriage mild;
Content, my Father, with thy will,
And quiet as a child.

The patient soul, the lowly mind,
Shall have a large reward;
Let saints in sorrow lie resign'd,
And trust a faithful Lord.

28th Day.] MORNING SERVICE.

Psalm cxxxii. v. 7-9. L. M.

God, in his temple let us meet,
Low on our knees before him bend;
Here hath he fix'd his mercy seat,
Here on his worship we attend.

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Arise into thy resting place,
Thou and thine ark of strength, O Lord!
Thine through the veil, we seek thy face,
Speak, for we hearken to thy word.

With righteousness thy priests array,
Joyful thy chosen people be:
Let those who teach, and hear, and pray,
Let all be holiness to thee.

EVENING PRAYER.

Psalm cxxxvi. 7's.

All ye Gentiles, praise the Lord,
All ye lands, your voices raise:
Heaven and earth, with loud accord,
Praise the Lord, for ever praise.

For his truth and mercy stand,
Past, and present, and to be;
Like the years of his right hand,
Like his own eternity.

Praise him, ye who know his love,
Praise him, from the depths beneath,
Praise him in the heights above,
Praise your Maker all that breathe.

MONTGOMERY.

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29th Day.] MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm cxxxix. L. M.

LORD, thou hast search'd and seen me through,
Thine eye commands with piercing view,
My rising and my resting hours,
My heart and flesh with all their powers.

My thoughts before they are my own,
Are to my God distinctly known:
He knows the words I mean to speak
Ere from my opening lips they break.

Within thy circling power I stand,
On every side I find thy hand,
Awake, asleep, at home, abroad,
I am surrounded still with God.

Amazing knowledge, vast and great!
What large extent! what lofty height!
My soul with all the powers I boast,
Is in the boundless prospect lost.

O may these thoughts possess my breast,
Where'er I rove, where'er I rest;
Nor let my weaker passions dare
Consent to sin, for God is there!

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm cxlv. L. M.

My Lord, my King, thy various praise
Shall fill the remnant of my days,
Thy grace employ my humble tongue,
Till death and glory raise my song.

The wings of every hour shall bear
Some thankful tribute to thine ear,
And every setting sun shall see
New works of duty done by me.

Thy truth and justice I'll proclaim,
Thy bounty flows, an endless stream,
Thy mercy swift, thine anger slow,
But dreadful to the stubborn foe.

Thy works with sovereign glory shine,
And speak thy majesty divine;
Let Britain round her shores proclaim
The sound and honour of thy name.

Let distant times and nations raise
The long succession of thy praise;
And unborn ages make my song
The joy and labour of their tongue.

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But who can speak thy wondrous deeds ?
The greatness all our thoughts exceeds :
Vast and unsearchable thy ways,
Vast and immortal be thy praise.

30th Day.] MORNING PRAYER.

Psalm cxlvi. v. 10. 8's—7's.

Zion's King shall reign victorious,
All the earth shall own his sway ;
He will make his kingdom glorious,
He will reign through endless day.
Nations now from God estranged
Then shall see a glorious light ;
Night to day shall then be changed,
Heaven shall triumph in the sight.

Mighty King, thine arm revealing,
Now thy glorious cause maintain ;
Bring the nations help and healing,
Make them subject to thy reign :
Angels in their lofty station
Praise thy name, thou only wise !
O let earth with emulation,
Join the triumph of the skies.

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EVENING SERVICE.

Psalm cl. 7's.

Songs of praise the angels sung,
Heaven with Hallelujahs rung,
When Jehovah's work begun,
When he spake, and it was done.

Songs of praise awoke the morn,
When the Prince of Peace was born;
Songs of praise arose, when he
Captive led captivity.

Heaven and earth must pass away,
Songs of praise shall crown that day:
God will make new heavens and earth,
Songs of praise shall hail their birth.

And will man alone be dumb,
Till that glorious kingdom come?
No;—the church delights to raise
Psalms, and hymns, and songs of praise.

Borne upon the latest breath,
Songs of praise shall conquer death;
Then, amidst eternal joy,
Songs of praise their powers employ.

MONTGOMERY.

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FROM THE PRAYERS TO BE USED AT SEA.

L. M.

LORD of the wide extended main,
Whose power the winds and seas controul,
Whose hand doth earth and heaven sustain,
Whose Spirit leads believing souls;

Whene'er we leave our native shore,
(We whom thy love delights to keep,)
In other climes thy works to explore,
And see thy wonders in the deep.

'Tis here thine unknown paths we trace,
Which dark to human eyes appear;
While through the mighty waves we pass,
Faith only sees that God is here.

Throughout the deep thy footsteps shine;
We own thy way is in the sea,
O'er-awed by majesty divine,
And lost in thy immensity.

Thy wisdom here we learn t' adore,
Thine everlasting truth we prove,
Amazing heights of boundless power,
Unfathomable depths of love.

Lord, in thy Son divinely great,
We claim thy providential care;
None ever perish'd at his feet,
And we would be for ever there.

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THANKSGIVING AFTER A TEMPEST.

C. M.

ALMIGHTY Father! gracious Lord!
Kind guardian of my days!
Thy mercies let my heart record
In songs of grateful praise.

Opprest with fear, opprest with grief,
To God I breath'd my cry;
His mercy brought divine relief,
And wip'd my tearful eye.

When life hung trembling on a breath,
'Twas thy unceasing love
That sav'd me from impending death,
And bade my fears remove.

Then let my utmost glory be
To raise thy honours high;
Nor let my gratitude to thee
In guilty silence die.

To thee, my gracious God, I raise
My thankful heart and tongue;
O be thy goodness and thy praise
My everlasting song.

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ON THE FIFTH OF NOVEMBER;

OR, A HYMN FOR GREAT BRITAIN.

L. M.

SEE, mighty God! before thy throne
Britons with pious reverence bow;
Our souls, with joy and wonder, own
That Britain is thine Israel now.

Around our coasts, by thy command,
The seas a dreadful bulwark roar;
Our strongest bulwark is thy hand;
Thy hand defends the favour'd shore.

Thrice happy nation! where the Lord
The banners of his love displays,
Reveals the secrets of his word,
And gives the blessings of his grace.

This day, with double mercy crown'd,
Thy double honours shall proclaim;
And Britain, through her coasts, shall sound
The various glories of thy name.

Still let the Lord on Britain smile,
While we with grateful hearts adore;
Nor ever leave his chosen isle,
Till time and nature are no more.

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Hymns on Special Occasions.

FOR A NEW YEAR.

L. M.

GREAT God! let all my tuneful powers
Awake, and sing thy mighty name:
Thy hand revolves my circling hours,
Thy hand from which my being came.

To thee I raise the annual song,
To thee the grateful tribute give;
My God doth still my years prolong,
And 'midst unnumber'd deaths I live.

He bids each season on my soul
Its sweetest, kindest influence shed;
And all the periods, as they roll,
Shower countless blessings on my head.

My life, my health, my friends, I owe
All to thy vast, unbounded love;
Ten thousand precious gifts below,
And hope of nobler joys above.

Thus will I sing, till nature cease,
Till sense and language are no more;
And, after death, thy boundless grace,
Through everlasting years adore.

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THE DUTY AND PLEASURE OF SUPPORTING CHARITY SCHOOLS.

C. M.

BLESS'D is the man whose heart expands
At melting pity's call,
And the rich blessings of whose hands
Like heavenly manna fall.

Children our kind protection claim,
And God will well approve,
When infants learn to lisp his name,
And their Creator love.

Delightful work! young souls to win,
And turn the rising race
From the deceitful path of sin,
To seek redeeming grace.

Be ours the bliss, in wisdom's way,
To guide the untutor'd youth,
And lead the mind that went astray
To virtue and to truth.

Almighty God! thine influence shed,
To aid this good design;
The honours of thy name be spread,
And all the glory thine.

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FOR THE CHILDREN OF NATIONAL OR SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

THY throne, O God, in righteousness
For ever shall endure:
We bow before it; deign to bless
The children of the poor.

Thy wisdom our lowly birth hath fix'd,
Yet we thy goodness share;
Still make us, while we dwell on earth,
The children of thy care.

Thou art our Shepherd; glorious God,
The little flock behold,
And guide us by thy staff and rod,
The children of thy fold.

We praise thy name that we are brought
To this delightful place,
Where we are watch'd, and warn'd, and taught,
The children of thy grace.

O may thy friends, thy servants here
Meet all our souls above,
And they and we in heaven appear,
The children of thy love.

MONTGOMERY.

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FOR THE SAME.

L. M.

In cheerful songs of artless praise,
Would we our feeble voices raise,
And celebrate, with one accord,
The wondrous goodness of the Lord.

Great God! thy universal love
Is sung by all the saints above,
And we thy children, here below,
Thy greatness and that love would show.

When cheerless poverty had spread
Its ignorance around our head,
Soon did our gracious God appear,
Made us the objects of his care.

Our lives protected by that care,
Our feet preserv'd from every snare,
Our minds directed to the road
That leads to virtue and to God.

For these our gen'rous patrons too,
Would we the grateful theme renew,
O may each tender mind they rear
Thy precepts love, thy name revere.

And when that awful day shall come,
That thou, great God, shall call us home;
May we with these thy servants join,
To sing thy praise in hymns divine.

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FOR A FRIENDLY SOCIETY.

C. M.

BLESS'D are the men whose hearts and hands
In paths of virtue join,
United by the sacred bands
Of fellowship divine.

How precious are their social hours,
Kind heaven to them allows,
Whilst on their hearts, like gentle showers,
His goodness he bestows.

They make each other's griefs their own,
By Christian sympathy;
Their hearts unite t' address the throne
For every kind supply.

Thus, gracious God, may we proceed,
And in each virtue grow,
Then shall our joys be great indeed,
And heaven begin below.

Before we reach to that bless'd state
Where perfect spirits shine,
Their fellowship we 'll imitate,
And taste their bliss divine.

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THE SAME.

C. M.

FATHER of Mercies! send thy grace,
All-powerful from above,
To form, in our obedient souls,
The image of thy love.

O may our sympathizing breast
That generous pleasure know,
Kindly to share in others' joy,
And weep for others' woe!

When the most helpless sons of grief
In low distress are laid,
Soft be our hearts, their pains to feel,
And swift our hands to aid.

So Jesus look'd on dying man,
When thron'd above the skies;
And, midst th' embraces of his God,
He felt compassion rise.

On wings of love the Saviour flew
To raise us from the ground,
And shed the richest of his blood,
A balm for every wound.

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GLORIA PATRI.

S. M.

THE Father we adore,
And everlasting Son,
The Spirit of his love and power,
The glorious Three in One.

At the creation's birth
This song was sung on high,
Shall sound through every age on earth,
And through eternity.

NEWTON.

L. M.

PRAISE God, from whom all blessings flow,
Praise him, all creatures here below,
Praise him above, ye heavenly hosts,
Praise Father, Son, and Holy Ghost.

BP. KEEN.

Now to God, the Three in One,
Be eternal glory done;
Raise, ye saints, the sound again;
Nations join the loud Amen!

H. K. WHITE.

FINIS.

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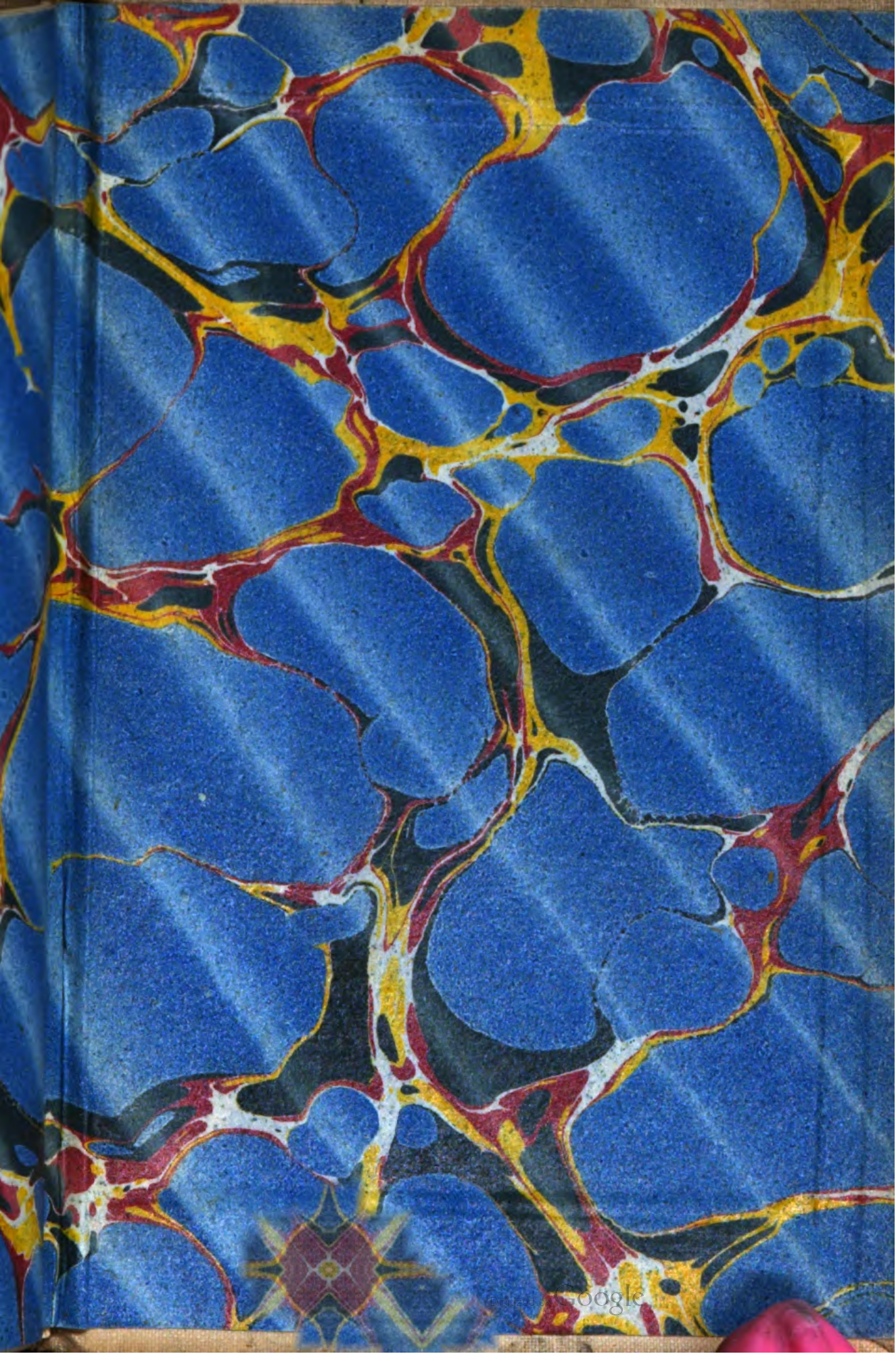
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